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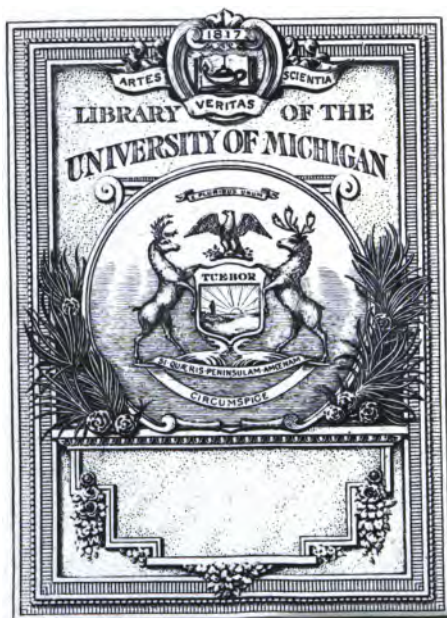
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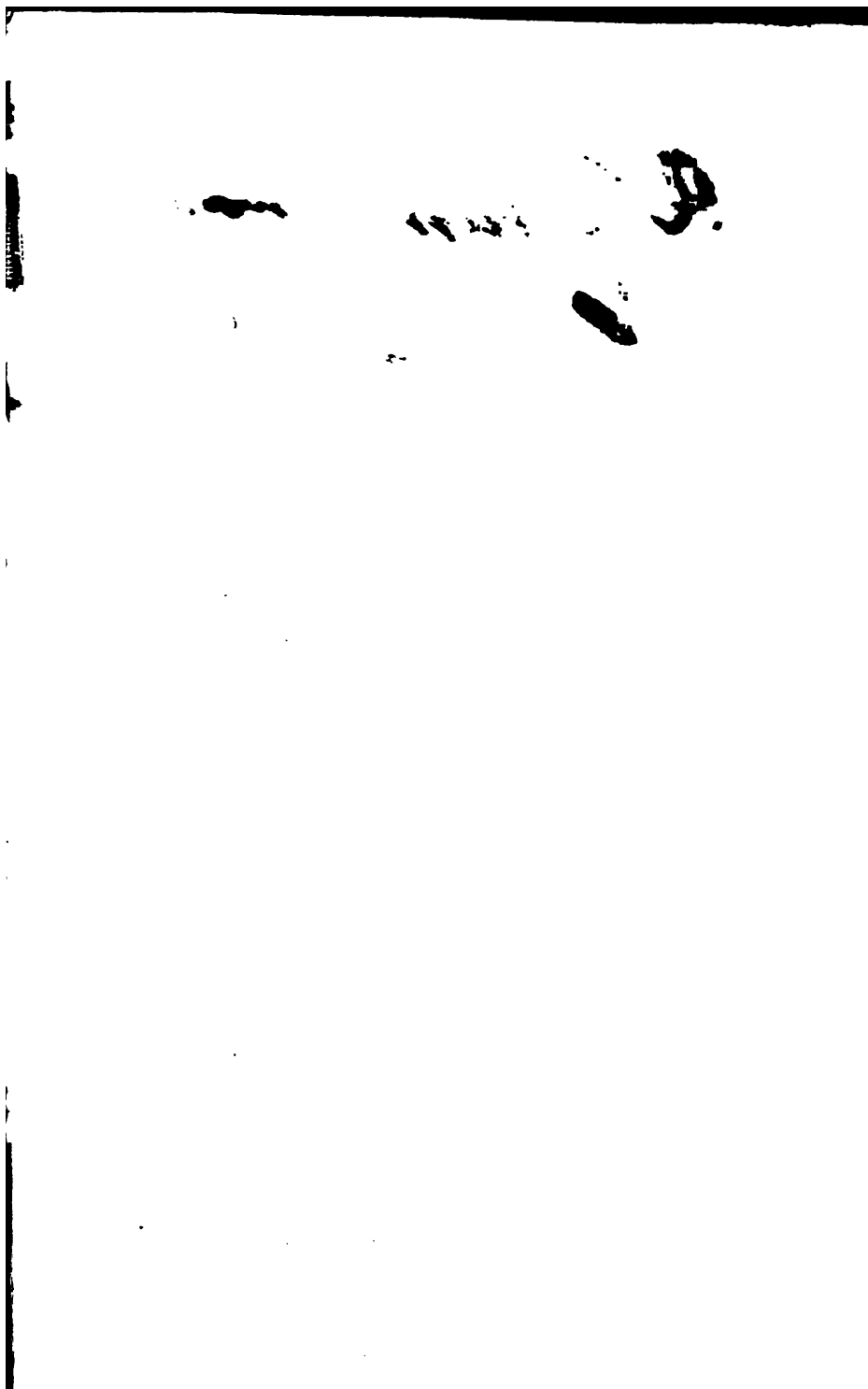
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Cadillac

July. 1874.





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Lascelles (Tremouper)*

HOME SKETCHES

AND

FOREIGN RECOLLECTIONS.

BY LADY CHATTERTON,

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND,"
"A GOOD MATCH," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE.
Recollections excited by the perfume of flowers— Hyacinth, or Theresa Gradenigo, a Venetian Tale	1

CHAPTER II.

Visit to the English Lakes—Crawley Grange, an old house of Cardinal Wolsey's	53
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Impressions at Brussels and Cologne—Schwalbach —Agréments of Table-d'hôtes.	69
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Dresden—Musings on various subjects— Schiller's Wilhelm Tell—Körner; Presentiment of Early Death—Expedition to Shandau, the Saxon Switzerland, and Tetchen—Foggy Thoughts at the Bastei.	89
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Pictures at Dresden—Raphael <i>versus</i> Correggio	119
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Leipsig—Herder's Ideen — German music—Novel remedies for the defects of a Ger- man bed—Journey from Nordhausen to Cassel— Carriage notes	136
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

	PAGE
Arrival at Cassel—English formality—Visit to Wilhelmshöhe—Pictures at Cassel—Peculiar importance of beauty to a painter's wife—Ruminations on various subjects.	155

CHAPTER VIII.

Old reminiscences excited by a beautiful sunset on the road to Frankfort—The Jews' Quarter at Frankfort	183
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Journey through Mayence to Kaiserlautern—The Heidelberg Student	199
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

St. Meneshould—Journey to La Ferté—Arrival in Paris—Republican Exteriors	228
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Strange adventures of the Duc de P—. —A Picture without eyes—The Morgue and Notre Dame	246
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

The Cluny Palace—An evening walk—Dinners at Restaurants—Effects of early pleasant associations—Inundations—View from the Pantheon	258
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Predilections for old age—The Fauhourg St. Germain—The Oratoire	282
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Reflections in Lent—Imaginary ills—Recollections excited by the perfume of flowers—Jasmine, or unhappiness in prosperity	305
--	-----

HOME SKETCHES,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Recollections excited by the perfume of flowers—Hyacinth ; or Theresa Gradenigo, a Venetian tale.

AMONG the spring flowers which are just beginning to bloom in our south window, there is a beautiful pink hyacinth. The fresh and sunnied air from the open window wafts its delicious fragrance to my writing table, and sends my imagination far away to southern climes and days long gone by. This union of the pleasant past and happy present, by the sweet breath of particular flowers, is a very delight-

ful sensation ; and I cannot but think many people experience it. I feel happy where I am, and with what is doing around me ; and yet that sweet carnation recalls still more vividly to my mind a scene of many years ago, and thus doubles my enjoyment.

It was at Venice, on an April day, in a room where a warm sunbeam shone upon a stand of magnificent hyacinths, and cast their graceful shadows on the marble floor. The open windows looked upon the piazza St. Marco, where many a picturesque figure, and various costumes from eastern lands might be seen, and where might be heard, mingled with the strains of music, and the gay laugh of the still joyous Venetians, the soft cooing of doves.

A number of these birds were perched upon the window-sill, waiting for their daily portion of food, bestowed on them according to an old custom, which exists in most Venetian families, and amounts almost to a superstition.

A lady of noble mien, but with careworn features, was sitting at an old carved writing-desk near the window. Her eyes were fixed with a

look of unwonted animation and pleasure, on a beautiful picture which hung upon the wall. It was of the old Venetian school, and represented a lovely young girl, kneeling at the feet of a Franciscan monk. The fair creature was in an attitude of the deepest woe ; her luxurious golden hair, of the true Titian hue, hung in graceful confusion over her shoulders. She was evidently confessing her sins, which from the expression of remorse depicted on her tearful countenance, must have been of no light nature. And yet there was a look of spotless innocence in her gentle eyes and beseeching lips. It almost seemed as if no guile, no sin, could lurk under a form so heavenly.

The monk's countenance was concealed by his cowl, but his head was turned away, and his averted, yet clasped hands, showed that he was horror-struck at the confession. I felt quite provoked at the hardness of his heart, which could refuse that absolution for which the beautiful penitent was so ardently yet humbly imploring.

In a former visit I had paid to the Countess

M——, to whom the palace belonged, and who was now gazing so intently on this most beautiful of all the valuable pictures it contained, I had felt much curiosity respecting it. This picture had such an air of truth, that I felt sure it was no imagined sketch, but the representation of some real occurrence in the life of one of the ancestors of that noble lady.

I longed to enquire its history ; but there was something in the old countess M——'s air which checked my wish to penetrate the mystery ; most happy was I, during this visit, to hear her ask me, with a look of unusual kindness and pleasure, if I did not admire that beautiful picture.

I not only expressed my admiration, but told her that picture had lived in my mind since first I saw it ; exciting a thousand surmises and romantic imaginings in my foolish head.

The old lady smiled. How delightful it is to see a person smile whose countenance looks as if it had not relaxed into an expression of pleasure for years. " I wonder," said she, " if you have fancied anything like the truth. The history of that lovely one, my ancestress, is rather remarkable :

I could not relate it to you," said she, while a look of habitual suffering returned to her pale face; "but as I see you are really interested about her, I will show you a little sketch of her history I wrote many years ago."

I was overjoyed at this proposal; and after some search among a number of old time-stained papers in her writing-desk, she gave me a MS. written in the small upright hand of her country. I took the precious document home with me, and was so much interested by its contents, that I resolved to translate it into English.

Here it is.—

CHAPTER I.

. " Oh, those eyes !
Who looks on them must weep ! They tell a tale
That whispers to the memory of that hour,
That rosy-tinctured hour of life, when first
The fond and virgin bosom throbs with love,
Yet knows not that it loves; when innocence,
In all its coy and pristine freshness, starts
At its own sigh, and marvels why it starts;
When to the cheek unbidden blushes rise,

And to the lips soft murmurs, that essay,
Unconsciously, to breathe the 'one-loved name.'"

"WHY are you so sad, dearest Rodrigo, this lovely, happy day, when all Venice hails with joyful expectation the arrival of your cousin, my betrothed husband, the valiant, the great Gonzaga? I have not seen him since I was—oh! I forget how old—but my head only reached the balcony on which you are now leaning; and he used to hold me up in his arms, that I might look over on the blue canal and gliding gondolas. Oh! he was so good; and when mamma scolded, he always comforted me, and loved me better than anybody; nay, don't look displeased—not so well as you. But, dear Rodrigo, why are you grown so melancholy? He will love you too, when he knows how kind you have been in teaching his little Theresa everything, and we shall all be so happy."

Rodrigo smiled, but still there was an expression of sorrow in his dark eyes, and a shade of care and embarrassment on his high forehead. "Oh, lady!" he began.

"Nay, if you call me lady I shall be quite

angry and miserable ;—but what is the matter ? do tell me,” she said, taking his hand, and looking anxiously up in his face. “ I cannot be happy if you are not ; no, and though everything is prepared for this fête, I will not dance or sing if you look so grave. Come and sing your favourite duet—you always look happy when you sing with me.”

“ Dearest Theresa ! this happiness must soon end ; my cousin, your betrothed lord, knowing that I am but a poor younger brother, has kindly given me a command in the army which he now leaves ; and I must go,” he continued, endeavouring to subdue his emotion ; “ I must go soon ; I fear I shall not even witness your—” at these words, the joy which had animated Theresa’s beautiful countenance vanished ; she leant on the balcony with downcast eyes, and though the golden ringlets partly concealed her face, Rodrigo could see tears stealing from beneath her long eyelashes ; then suddenly drawing herself up, and assuming a lofty and determined air—

“ You shall not go,” she said ; “ I am now

sixteen, and is not this palace mine, and all the Gradenigo lands and castles?—have I not enough to spare some to you, my friend, my dearest——” Her voice faltered, and for the first time in her life she felt embarrassed, as if by some new, startling idea; again she looked down, and her cheeks were suffused with blushes. Never had she appeared so lovely; and Rodrigo gazed in rapture on those features, in which such a variety of powerful emotions were vividly depicted.

At last she looked up, and it seemed as if their eyes had never met before—so long, so earnest was the gaze. Not a word was spoken; they moved not; and delightfully intent on reading the history of each other’s heart, they did not perceive that Theresa’s mother, the widowed Countess Gradenigo, had advanced through the open window, and now stood attentively observing them; her dark flashing eyes seemed to penetrate their very thoughts, and her hard features gradually assumed a sterner expression.

“Child!” she at length impatiently exclaim-

ed; "Theresa, of what are you thinking? And bless me, you are not dressed! Why, the Prince will soon be here; and see, there are the DuraZZo and Foscari gondolas coming through the Rialto. Go, hasten, foolish girl, or they will arrive and find the heiress of Gradenigo unprepared to receive them. But what do I see? You have been crying, child;—hey! what's the matter? A pleasant sight, indeed, for your husband and all Venice to behold! Go, bathe your eyes, and dress, while I endeavour to learn from the Signor Manfredi the cause of all this."

She then led, or rather pushed, poor Theresa into the room, and shutting the window, she returned to Rodrigo Manfredi, and a long and earnest conversation ensued.

Theresa hastened to her dressing-room. There was the same dress and the same splendid jewels which but a few hours ago she had beheld with all the pleasure of a youthful beauty, anticipating her entrance into a world of happiness, and now did they give her pleasure? She looked on them, but with how cold an eye! While the old governess Susanna

and her maids were busily employed adorning their strangely unconcerned young mistress, she was endeavouring to compose her scattered thoughts. Was she really so changed in one short hour?—was she less happy? Ah! no; though a new delightful feeling seemed to absorb her very soul, yet she had long loved, but only now made the startling discovery.

“And he loves me!” was the blissful idea, the conviction which resulted from this long reverie, and all was bright and joyful. Nor could she see the possibility of a cloud to darken this glorious feeling of happiness; for she only thought of him, and of every look and every tone of his dear voice, which ought long ago to have shewn her the truth, and then she wondered at her own blindness.

All these enchanting reflections now caused her utterly to forget her betrothed husband, the fête, the hour, and every thing. Susanna had placed the last diamond in her shining hair, yet she still sat before the looking-glass, her eyes fixed on the ground; and there she might have remained for hours, had not the impatient Countess

interrupted this delightful train of ideas in no very gentle manner ; she dragged the bewildered girl through the long suite of apartments, informing her as they went of Prince Gonzaga's arrival.

" Oh ! mother, stay ;—oh ! hear me for one instant, I beseech you," said Theresa, when they arrived in the room adjoining the great hall, whence already proceeded the buzz of voices and sounds of music. " I cannot, indeed—I cannot appear ; and I must see the Prince, without all those people, and tell him——"

" What folly is this, Theresa ? Remember now the eyes of all Venice are upon you, that you are a Gradenigo ; and that the Council of Ten, as well as the Doge and your own father, have given you to Prince Gonzaga."

So saying, the Countess forcibly drew Theresa into the crowded room.

Prince Carlo Gonzaga was standing near the Doge, and surrounded by numerous Venetian nobles ; he was brother to the Duke of Mantua, and for his great services in their war against the Turks, the republic of Venice proposed to

reward him with the hand of its richest heiress, the lovely Theresa, Contessa di Gradenigo. He was about forty years of age; but the last ten years passed in camps, and a wound on his cheek, made him look much older, and Theresa could see in his weather-beaten countenance no traces of the man she remembered when a child, though he had not lost that benevolent expression and graceful air which had caused her to think of him always with pleasure. Perceiving his trembling bride, he advanced and gazed on her with intense admiration, then imprinted a kiss on her fair brow.

Theresa was a beauty of that complexion and form which are rarely seen in any country but Venice—a face that Titian loved to paint, with light auburn hair, but a shade darker were the arched eyebrows and long eyelashes. The straight nose was delicately formed; and her beautiful mouth tempered, with its smiling softness, the proud, determined expression of her lofty brow and dark eyes. Those eyes now eagerly searched every part of the room, but Rodrigo was not there; and in vain she watched

the ever-opening door—her lover did not appear.

The crowd increased, and she was soon surrounded and complimented; all were eager to win a look or a smile from the future princess, but she heeded them not, and returned their courteous advances with cold indifference.

The dance began, and Theresa, by her mother's command, was led to the gay throng by the young Durazzo, the Doge's son; and many envious looks did she excite among the fair dames, for Count Durazzo, besides being the handsomest and most agreeable man, was the best match in all Venice.

"A pleasant prospect for her old husband," whispered the Marchese Monti, a fat dowager, to one of her four daughters; "see how they are all gazing on the little girl—'twill turn her head. I don't see such wonderful beauty, after all; she is so small, and much too pale, and so proud, as if she thought there was nobody here half good enough for her. Well, I don't see what they all find to admire in such an inanimate doll; but, Gianetta, mind you try to make the

best of yourself, if young Rodrigo Manfredi comes ; for he's no longer the Countess's poor page—she told me herself all about it—the Prince has given him a place, and is going to make him a great man.”

Prince Gonzaga stood near Theresa, and followed her graceful movements in the dance with an admiring eye, but he almost regretted her extreme beauty ; it made him melancholy to think that one so young and lovely should be devoted for life to a man so much older, though that man was himself.

As if the watchful Countess had penetrated his thoughts, she came and conversed with him about Theresa, and said that now her only object in life was the completion of this union, by which the dying wish of her deceased husband would be fulfilled. She would not for a moment listen to the Count's disinterested suggestion, that it was possible Theresa's wishes might not coincide with his own, she scorned the idea of a Gradenigo having any other wish than to obey the Senate and her parents.

By degrees she succeeded in dispelling his

fears, and his melancholy forebodings gave place to feelings of joy and love. "Where is my cousin?" said he; "the boy Rodrigo? Theresa's bright eyes have made me forget that I have not yet seen the dear youth. Does he not live here?—your honoured Lord was ever kind to the poor orphan." At this moment the door opened, and Rodrigo appeared; he was deadly pale, yet strove to assume a cheerful air, as he advanced to meet the warm greeting of his relative. "Can this be the boy I left ten years ago, playing with my little Theresa?—why, you are as much improved as the dear girl; indeed 'twould be difficult to say which has become the most perfect."

Poor Theresa had to finish that long weary dance before she could say a word to Rodrigo, and endeavour to chase away the grief which she too plainly read on his beloved countenance. It was strange he did not even look at her, but continued in a most provokingly animated conversation with his cousin. Never was the end of a dance hailed with such joy as Theresa felt, when Count Durazzo conducted her to the prince—but alas! before she had traversed the

long room, Rodrigo went with her mother to another part of it, and she was left alone with the prince. However, she determined to seize this opportunity to confess all, and appeal to his generosity, when, oh, misery ! she beheld Rodrigo dancing with Gianetta Monti. The words died on her lips :—was she to confess that she had forgotten her duty and respect for her father's will, and half-plighted faith, for one who, she now remembered, had never even expressed his love, and seemed suddenly to care for her no longer ? It was all strange, bewildering !—was she now dreaming, or was that blessed hour in the balcony, which seemed to have decided her fate, only a delusive dream ?

Poor Theresa !—it was the pang of wounded love, that now made her talk, and laugh, with even more than her wonted animation, and inspired her with energy to act—to deceive, for the first time in her life.

Gonzaga, a man of considerable attainments, and an enthusiastic admirer of genius, was surprised and enchanted at the brilliant wit and strong sense displayed in her conversation.

This unnatural excitement, throughout the whole of that long evening, made her step lighter in the dance, heightened the colour on her cheek, and gave an inspired brilliancy to her dark eyes, so that even the Marchesa Monti was at last obliged to confess that she was beautiful.

At last the guests departed, the music ceased, and in the solitude of her own chamber Theresa experienced a far more painful revulsion of feelings. She bitterly upbraided herself for having been too hasty in condemning Rodrigo; and by degrees she called to mind a thousand little circumstances, which for years past seemed to prove his love. Might not he too be now acting, and perhaps by her mother's entreaty? She clung to this hope with all the tenacity of an ardent mind, ever prone to run into extremes. She determined to banish all reserve, and speak to Rodrigo; yes, even confess to him her love—and ascertain the state of his heart. These reflections occupied the whole of that weary, sleepless night.

CHAPTER II.

" Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy."

COLERIDGE.

At an early hour in the morning Theresa summoned Susanna, hastily dressed, and proceeded to the room, where in happy times she had always studied with Rodrigo, and where she felt sure of finding him as usual ; but he was not there.

She sat down before a book, and tried to be patient and composed ; she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the page, and fancied she was reading, though it was turned upside down—the mandoline was tried ; but she raised the strings which wanted lowering, and they broke. A picture, which she then endeavoured to finish, would soon have been entirely spoilt, had not the door opened—but alas ! instead of Rodrigo, her mother appeared. With unusual cheerfulness the old lady tenderly embraced Theresa,

complimented her on her behaviour of the preceding evening, which had enchanted the prince, then added, in a careless tone, "Your young friend Rodrigo has entreated me also to express his congratulations; and to tell you, that he wishes you all the happiness you so well deserve, and which he has no doubt you will find when united to the great Gonzaga; and at the same time to say, how sincerely he regretted being obliged to leave Venice, before he could express all this in person, or even bid you adieu!"

"Obliged to leave Venice!—oh! why is this, and where is he gone? Oh Rodrigo!" exclaimed Theresa, bursting into tears and wringing her hands. Quite overpowered by this unforeseen misfortune, she turned deadly pale, and stared wildly on her mother. The countess, who, though cold and ambitious, really loved her daughter, feared she had gone too far, and endeavoured by tender words and caresses to comfort the unhappy girl.

For some time Theresa seemed totally insensible to everything; but hers was not a mind

to remain long depressed, even by the greatest suffering. Taking advantage of her mother's kind feeling, she confessed her love, and at the same time declared gently, though with great firmness, her determination not to marry Gonzaga.

The old lady's eyes flashed fearfully at these words ; and rudely pushing her daughter away, she said, with a malicious smile, " Go, silly child, go and tell Gonzaga you despise a parent's command, and you will not marry him, because you have chosen to fall in love with a man who will soon be united to another. Yes, 'tis true ; the Marchesa Monti long suspected her daughter's attachment, but, of course, would not hear of it, till, by Gonzaga's kindness, Rodrigo has a good prospect of fortune, and she therefore has now consented to their happiness.'

" To *their* happiness ! Does he — can he love her ?" exclaimed Theresa : then, after a few moments' consideration, she added, in a solemn tone, " Oh, mother, mother—beware that you deceive me not, or you will one day have

cause bitterly to repent." She paused, and looked steadfastly in her mother's face, who quailed beneath the penetrating gaze ; at last, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, she said, " He loves her not ; I will learn all from Gianetta Monti—she will, she must speak the truth ; to her will I go, and learn my fate."

The countess, reddening with anger, muttered a few bitter words about the degradation of her family, and Theresa's strange wilfulness ; but at last acquiescing in her proposal, the gondola was ordered, and Theresa was soon gliding swiftly on the Canal Grande.

The sun's gay beams fell brightly on the balcony where she had passed such a blissful hour with Rodrigo, and illumined the splendid line of palaces. Theresa gazed on her own, which was of all the most magnificent ; she reflected how useless, how utterly unavailing, was all that splendour to ensure happiness, and how sad that gay scene had become to her. Those bands of lively music, the gondolier's song, and the laugh and jest which were wafted from the passing barges, filled with gay masqueraders, or

richly-dressed nobles and fair dames, hurrying to some party or frolic, in which that most pleasure-loving people, the Venetians, passed their lives—all breathed happiness; everything was the same as when she had looked down from that balcony: could it be only yesterday? Ages seemed to have past since then, so totally were all her feelings changed: she had lived, felt, and endured, more in that one day and night, than during all her previous life.

No longer was she the gay, thoughtless girl; all the depth of feeling and powers of her mind had been suddenly developed, and now those sights and sounds only increased her melancholy; she could not bear them, and covering her face, she sank back in the gondola, quite exhausted by contending emotions.

They passed under the Rialto, then turned into the smaller canals; and by degrees the mirthful sounds grew fainter—at last died away. Nothing was now heard but the splashing oars, which resound with such a melancholy echo in those narrow and deserted passages, where massive walls rise to an immense height on

each side, broken only by a few windows. Through these dark lonely passages the gondoliers hurry with the speed of lightning, turning the sharp corners with a dexterous swing ; and now they come to a high arch, under which the most thoughtless and gay cannot pass without a feeling of awe. Here the laugh is hushed, and mirth dies forgotten on lips which strive to mutter an "Ave Maria" for the miserable beings who are lingering out their dark existence under the waters beneath, or who are passing over that arch to receive their death blow ! It was the Bridge of Sighs.

Another stroke of the oars, then another, and they are in the open port, and again the din of life is heard ; and there are ships of every size and form, laden with riches from all parts of the world ; and on the broad pavement may be seen every variety of costume. The graceful Greek with his red fez, whispering soft words to a dark-eyed Friuli peasant, or pretty Venetian water-seller, whose spiral hat is decorated with a wreath of fresh flowers. And there is the wily Jew, the indolent Mahometan, and a group of

picturesque fishermen and idle gondoliers, listening to the tale of an improvisatore.

The gondola stops before the Monti Palace ; Theresa's heart beats ; now is the moment when her fate is to be decided. The awkwardness of her position flashes across her mind. What is she to say ?—what excuse is she to give to the signora Monti, for the strange enquiry whether she is loved by Rodrigo ? But this momentary timidity was soon absorbed in the all-engrossing anxiety to learn the truth ; and with a firm step she was about to leave the gondola, when, to her surprise and dismay, she heard that the signora Gianetta was just gone with the rest of her family to their castle in Friuli.

"Gone ! oh, when will they return ?" enquired the now trembling Theresa. The answer was unsatisfactory. The family would not return for some months, as the marriage of one of the signorinas was to be celebrated in the country.

"One question more :—did they go alone ?"

"Oh no," said the old porter, with a sly look ; "there was the Count Foscari, the signora's cavaliere, and signor Allegri, and signor Rodrigo Manfredi."

CHAPTER III.

“And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.”

COLERIDGE.

WEEKS, months passed away, and the day was fixed for Theresa's marriage with Prince Carlo Gonzaga. All Venice was joyfully anticipating the splendid fêtes which this great event would occasion. The Doge and Senate were most anxious to secure a continuance of Gonzaga's friendship; for, besides being the greatest general of the day, he was next heir to the powerful dukedom of Mantua. They loaded him with titles and dignities; and he became a member of the dreaded Council of Ten.

But all these honors were nothing to him, in comparison to the unexpected happiness of receiving, of her own free will, Theresa's hand. It surprised him beyond measure, that such a lovely being, endowed with every grace and talent, should thus readily consent to unite herself with one, whose affection he feared she could

never return. Each day increased his admiration and added to his love, though he suspected he possessed not her confidence. 'Tis true, the duties attending his new station in the republic had not allowed him much time for the examination of a character, in which, with all its apparent simplicity, he found incongruities which he could not explain.

There was not the slightest appearance of reserve; her easy gaiety seemed to flow from a heart full of joyous innocence; but its buoyancy, its childishness, did not harmonize with the ardent expression of those thoughtful eyes, whose deep, mysterious language, could he but interpret it, would prove quite different, though far more interesting and original, than even the gentle words uttered by her smiling lips.

Hitherto, the Countess had always insisted on being present at his interviews with Theresa; but on the day preceding the marriage, he with great difficulty obtained permission to see her alone; and he then generously endeavoured to ascertain her real wishes, and gain her confidence.

At his first question, whether she really thought she would be happy with him? her beautiful features were fearfully agitated; but with the speed of lightning, the expression of suffering passed away, and all was calm and placid as before: nor could the slightest appearance of sorrow be discovered on her cheerful countenance. Dark and terrible as was that look, yet it had been so momentary, he almost fancied it must have been the work of his own apprehensive imagination; and though he talked much on the same subject, no traces of it could he again see; still it haunted him during the whole of that day and night, like a horrible spectre, for never before had he beheld an expression of such heart-rending misery.

It was with no small anxiety the Countess had left her daughter alone with Gonzaga, and retired to her own stately apartment, the sombre grandeur of which was not calculated to inspire feelings of hope or pleasure, though it accorded well with the tone of her mind. She paced up and down the polished marble floor for some minutes in great agitation.

This room was in a remote part of the palace, far from the busy hum of the gay canal ; no sound of mirth, or ray of sunshine ever cheered its solitary gloom ; three high windows looked on a narrow court-yard, and admitted but a dim light on the richly carved cedar walls, and lofty ceiling. Ponderous ebony chairs, inlaid with ivory, were placed in never-varying order, with their high backs against the wall, save one which stood at the extremity of the long room, near a magnificent pietra dura cabinet. In this chair, the Countess had, for years, passed most of her dull life ; and perhaps this solitary grandeur of all around, had helped to maintain those cold proud feelings which gradually separated her more and more from all the kind sympathies of life, and from her daughter's love. There she sat, brooding over the past and indulging in ambitious dreams for the future ; but, unmindful of the present, she had neglected to watch and direct the susceptible mind of the young being, on whom were founded all those airy visions of futurity ; and she now too late

discovered, they must be raised on the ruins of that daughter's happiness.

It was evening, and the rays of a single lamp suspended over the before-mentioned cabinet, scarcely reached the other end of the room, but cast a strong light on the commanding figure and marked features of the Countess, as she sat attentively perusing a letter: its contents must have been of no ordinary interest, for gradually the whole expression of her face softened—her usually knit brow became relaxed—her thin compressed lips seemed striving to melt into an expression of pity; and her large fearful eyes, which had beheld with dry coldness all the former occurrences of life, and even her husband's death, were now moistened with a tear, and she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Generous, noble-minded Rodrigo! he deserved a better fate; such a sublime sacrifice makes me almost regret what I have done; but no, Theresa will soon be happy again—she inherits too much of my pride to love strongly, unless she believes her affection returned; and she has been thus easily convinced he loves her not, be-

cause she feels her own heart might change. But Rodrigo did not for a moment doubt her love; no, not even on that day, when she laughed and danced with all but him, because the flame that burns in his pure heart will never be extinguished. Alas! poor Rodrigo! the happiness of his life is over; his own sublime sense of duty has pointed out the right path—he has given up love, riches, honours, and every earthly joy, when one word, even a look would have secured them all. Yes, to you am I indebted for the fulfilment of my dearest wishes. Oh! Rodrigo, may the conviction of having sacrificed yours for Theresa's happiness, prove some consolation in your dreary exile!"

For a few moments the Countess leant her head on her hand; then, as if ashamed of having given way to her feelings, she hastily locked up the letter, which had caused such unwonted emotion, brushed away the tears, and resumed her usual haughty look. "Weak fool," she continued; "hence, idle regrets; have I not accomplished everything? Yes, Theresa marries the Gonzaga with her own consent, and I shall

live to see the Gradenigos restored to all their ancient splendour ; and I too have done my duty as a wife, and a mother, and a Doge's daughter."

Early on the following morning, Theresa went to take a farewell look of the room where she had passed the happy hours of youth with Rodrigo. For him had she studied ; to think, to feel with him, had she pored over the dark pages of ancient lore ; and together had they explored all the treasures of modern literature and poetry, without any instructor but their own talent, or any guide but their innate purity of taste,—together had they sung, blending their beautiful voices in extemporary melody and verse.

This room, quite unlike that of the Countess, was adorned with many of Titian's and Giorgione's best pictures, and some painted by Theresa and Rodrigo. On the latter Theresa now gazed ; for every line, every touch, recalled some painfully interesting recollection.

There was one half finished, which he was occupied with on that last day of happiness ; near it was a table covered with books, one of them still open at the place where Rodrigo had last read.

And there,—oh! there, was the mandoline, to which he had breathed such soul-inspiring tones.

In a window at the farther end of the room, was the large easy chair, where old Susanna the governess had always sat, looking out on the gay canal, or slumbering over her spinning-wheel. All, all remained the same; but he whose presence had ever made it a paradise, was not there, and with him was gone, oh! for ever gone, all Theresa's joy and happiness, all her interest and pleasure. Dark, dreary, and hopeless, was the future; no ray of light could she discover to cheer her solitary progress through life; and what was far more sad, her troubled mind could, without his love, anticipate in the grave no peace, in heaven no happiness.

She sat in the chair last occupied by him, and leant over the book in which he had last read. It was a volume of Dante, and open at the history of Francesca di Rimini; how sadly did she remember every tone of his voice when reading it, and that mournful smile which seemed to have foreboded all her grief. Ah! little did she

suspect on that happy day how very dear those tones were, and how completely was every feeling of her heart interwoven with his. She now thought and read, and thought again, till her tears flowed fast over the page.

After some time she became angry with herself, for bestowing so much feeling on one who loved her not; and drying her eyes, she determined he should not have the power to make her unhappy—no! she would never think of him again. This was the last time she would ever enter this room; “the last time,” she again thought, as she kissed the page of Dante. “Farewell for ever, dear books and pictures!—farewell, music, song, and poetry!” Another and another look she bestowed on all the beloved objects; then with a solemn step and calm brow, she quitted the room, closing the door as gently and mournfully as if she had been leaving a chamber of death.

The marriage-hour approached. The Doge, and all the great and fair of Venice, arrived to witness the joyful ceremony. The old Countess Gradenigo, attired in splendid robes of purple

velvet, embroidered with diamonds, received with haughty smiles the congratulations of the gay throng. Near her stood Theresa, to whose fair form a thousand eyes were turned, and their mirth was checked. Yet she appeared not unhappy, but pale and calm, like a being of another world. Gonzaga leads her to the chapel; flowers are strewed on the path; her step is firm and her look majestic; he speaks to her, and she smiles, but so awful was that smile, it made him tremble. The fair hand he pressed to his beating heart, trembles not, but is deadly cold. They approach the altar,—they kneel—the Bishop joins their hands, the blessing is pronounced—and they are married!

CHAPTER IV.

“Das Herz ist gestorben die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück!
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück;
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.”

SCHILLER.

IN minds of very exquisite feeling, but which are not under habitual control, the excess

of sorrow in some measure brings its own relief : the suffering is too acute to last. If it destroy not life, the mind will either be annihilated, or must cease to think on the agonizing subject ; and then it rushes to every thing that can chase away those thoughts which are too painful for endurance. This unfortunately was the case with Theresa : she plunged headlong into every dissipation, because her former occupation and pursuits brought so painfully to her mind the one image which she was determined to expel. Alas ! she had yet to learn, how hopeless and unavailing it is to take refuge in the world's vanities from a feeling which cannot be subdued.

Time passed away, and she fancied she must have forgotten Rodrigo, because she had never ceased to try to do so. But it was very provoking, that her heart should beat so violently when his name was mentioned, which was very often, as his valorous conduct in many successful battles with the Turks was the theme of every tongue. He was not married, but it was said he was engaged to Gianetta Monti, and that at the

end of the next campaign he would receive her hand.

Years elapsed, yet he did not return; and it was rumoured he was killed in battle. This report was soon confirmed by the arrival of his old servant. Poor Theresa! she then had again to discover how deeply she had loved; but her thoughts were too agonizing to be endured, and she redoubled her exertions to forget.

During all this time Prince Gonzaga felt he had not made the slightest progress in understanding his wife's character. There was at times a wildness in her gaiety; it was too excessive and violent to flow from a peaceful or contented heart; yet why was she unhappy? Of all the fair in Venice; none were so much admired, envied, and courted, as Theresa; none appeared so gay and joyous. Gonzaga watched every step of her progress through the dangerous career she had chosen, with intense interest; he loved her not the less, for being quite convinced his love was not returned. He had the consolation of being equally sure she loved none of the numerous throng of adorers who continually

surrounded her, all striving by every seductive art to win her smiles.

In her virtue he had perfect confidence, and never by word or look did he check any of her wildest sallies of gaiety ; for there was in Theresa such innate purity, almost holiness of expression, that none could ever suspect her of a guilty thought.

Yet there was one in that brilliant train, whose voice had more power than the rest to excite a smile or even a feeling of pleasure in her heart. This was Count Durazzo, who was decidedly the handsomest and most agreeable of all, and the only one who never talked of love. He, like many others, had been actuated at first by motives of vanity, and was constantly near Theresa in all the gay assemblies. With him she often danced and sung ; with him she was sometimes seen in the lonely gondola, under a moonlight sky ; and his voice was often heard in the serenade beneath her window.

Count Durazzo was the Doge's son, and had applied for Theresa's hand ; but his father and the Senate had decided to bestow it upon Prince

Gonzaga. From that moment Durazzo had determined to gain Theresa's affections, and to wound the feelings of his successful rival in the tenderest point. All Venice regarded him as her favoured lover; yet he had the mortification of knowing that his arts had been unavailing to win her heart. But he did not despair, particularly as he had lately made a discovery which gave him still more influence over her feelings.

When Rodrigo's death was announced, Durazzo was the only person who remarked her unusual melancholy; and the suspicion, once awakened, was soon confirmed, by examining her countenance at the mention of Rodrigo's name. Durazzo would now talk for hours of Rodrigo, with whom, before his departure for the army, he was well acquainted; not as though he suspected her love, but as if in admiration of his heroic qualities; and to this conversation Theresa listened daily, with increasing pleasure.

They were now together more than ever, for Durazzo contrived, by his own influ-

ence and that of his father, to throw all the arduous duties of the Senate on Gonzaga ; and these necessarily occupied him so much, that he was scarcely ever present, to observe the increased intimacy of his wife with Durazzo.

One evening a splendid ball was given by Durazzo at the Doge's palace ; perhaps the tones of his voice had been more fascinating than ever, or the subject more interesting ; he thought he discovered that Theresa was not quite so insensible, and that he could almost trace an expression of love in her beautiful eyes. He thought the moment was at length arrived when he might hazard a confession which for years he had been longing to make, but which, with wonderful self-command, he had withheld, from the conviction, that if Theresa suspected his love a moment too soon, it might endanger that success for which he had so arduously laboured.

Durazzo persuaded her to leave the crowded ball-room, after one of the dances ; and they went, with a gay party of masqueraders, to enjoy the cool sea-breezes, in the moonlit arcades of the piazza St. Marco. He ventured to take

her hand, and for the first time pressed it to his lips. She did not withdraw it, and he began, with a faltering voice, to confess his love. She listened to his soft tones, and they gradually found themselves far from their companions, when suddenly another voice whispered in her ear, "Beware!" It thrilled through her very soul; she started, and looked round, but they were under the dark side of the arcades, and she could see no one near.

"Who spoke?" said she, withdrawing her hand from Durazzo's. He had heard nothing, and she thought it must have been her own fancy. Again Durazzo spoke of his love; but she scarcely heeded his words, and the mysterious voice again sounded in her ear, with the same thrilling and solemn tone, "Remember thou hast an immortal soul."

She looked round, and now saw a Franciscan friar cross the moonshine, and disappear in the shade of St. Mark's church. But the count, who had heard nothing, continued to talk, and encouraged by her silence, at last clasped her in his arms. Theresa uttered a cry, tore herself away,

and ran towards the church ; he followed, but the darkness soon became so great under the arches which surround the piazza, that he lost sight of her. In vain he searched and called : Theresa was nowhere to be found.

She had been deeply affected by the words, and still more so by the tone of her mysterious monitor ; it awakened all the better feelings of her heart—those feelings, which in despair she had long endeavoured to subdue, but could not quite extinguish. Though she never meant to encourage Durazzo's love, yet she now, for the first time, perceived how guilty her conduct had been. With these thoughts rushing painfully through her mind, she flew wildly from him, whither she knew not—but oh that she could fly from herself!—from all her miserable and guilty feelings.

On, on she went, with the speed of lightning, choosing the darkest paths, lest the count should again find her. She was soon close to the church, the door was open, a dim light burnt in a distant aisle—another moment, and she was within its hallowed walls, and falling on her knees at

the altar's steps, she exclaimed, "Thank God! I am safe;" then burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly.

"Art thou safe from thine own conscience?" said the same mysterious voice.

Theresa raised her head, and the distant glimmering light shewed the tall figure of a Franciscan monk standing near.

"Oh, father! I have sinned—I am indeed most guilty; there is no peace for me in life, in death, no hope. But speak to me, oh! speak again, for your voice sounds pleasant in my ears."

The monk trembled; he extended his hand to raise her from the ground, but was silent.

"Oh, no!" she continued; I will kneel and try to pray; but tell me, oh! instruct me, holy father, what I am to do—I would listen to thee for ever; for miserable as I am now, thy voice has awakened me from a state of far greater wretchedness; it has raised feelings in my heart which I have for years laboured to extinguish, and brought back to my mind times of innocence and joy."

“Confess thy sins, daughter, and read that holy book, which will guide thee to eternal happiness ; thou hast found no pleasure in sin—try, oh ! try, before it is too late, to save thy precious soul.”

He ceased ; but still Theresa listened, and scarcely breathed, lest she should lose the delightful echo of his voice, with hands clasped, and eyes, in which all the workings of her agitated heart were powerfully depicted, fixed on the monk. The long fair hair in her flight had escaped from under the diamond wreath which encircled her head, and flowed in rich curls over her snowy shoulders and satin dress. The monk's features were scarcely visible under his large cowl, but she felt he was gazing on her, and fancied with a look of compassion.

“ I will confess to thee,” she said, after waiting many minutes in hopes of again hearing his voice. “ And thou must instruct me ; for, alas ! I know nothing, and have long neglected to look in that holy book ; for it was one in which I read with him, and I was afraid it might recal to my mind the being I was determined to forget.”

She then described all the history of her heart and feelings from earliest childhood till that fatal day when Rodrigo, her still loved, adored Rodrigo, left her—since that day she had never known peace.

“ Oh, father ! I see you pity me,” she continued, taking his hand and pressing it convulsively between her own. “ Yet you must think me very guilty ; for though my heart, my very soul was another’s, I married the Prince, in the vain hope of forgetting my Rodrigo. Alas ! I have not even made my husband happy. No ; I fear I have caused him much sorrow ; and oh ! what is far worse, I feel the utter impossibility of becoming again what I once was. All the better feelings of my heart were so totally destroyed when I thought Rodrigo loved me not. Nothing but a knowledge that he did not change—that he loved me till the last—could recal the power, the delightful peace and energy of mind I once possessed. I know this is most sinful—I ought not to care—I ought to think there could be a heaven without him, but I cannot. Oh ! speak again ; for your voice alone could incline me to

believe. Yet do not tell me not to think of him ; no, you would not, did you but know the delightful influence the idea of his love has on my mind ; sometimes I dream that I see him die, and his last word was my name ; then I feel so happy, and the thought of death brings joy to my soul."

The monk pressed her trembling hand within his own, then suddenly withdrew it, and sank on his knees before the altar ; he seemed to pray, though no words were uttered ; but ever and anon a deep sigh burst from his labouring breast.

Theresa tried to pray also ; it was long since she had felt so relieved, so peaceful ; her tears flowed fast, but they were tears of repentance, and with them the bitterness of grief past away.

There they silently knelt till the day began to dawn. At last, the monk started up, and reminded her that her long absence might excite surprise and fear ; but still she knelt, reluctant to leave a place where she had experienced such delightful feelings. Then he blessed her, and placed his thin hand on her head, and said,

“Go, return to thy home, my child; read that long neglected book, devote thy time and talents to God and to thy husband’s happiness, and thou wilt find peace, if not pleasure, here, and in the world to come, eternal joy.”

“Oh, father! I will—I will do every thing thou sayest; but tell me that I may see thee, may hear thee again.”

He was silent; but led her gently out of the church to the strand, where her gondola was still waiting. “An hour after sunset,” said he, in a low tremulous voice, “to-morrow evening, I shall be in the Franciscan church—now, farewell!”

Theresa returned home, retired to rest, and her sleep was pleasant. She arose the next morning, prayed, and read the Bible; then met her husband at the morning’s repast. He was surprised, for he had never before seen her look so lovely and so peaceful. He had long despaired of making her happy; and at first had rather encouraged her to seek amusement in the gay world, though latterly he began to fear she should be lost in its mazes, and that she had ventured too

far on a destructive a road. He now playfully asked her, "What gay party of pleasure was arranged for that day?" But that day and that evening she joined not the gay throng. Count Durazzo called, but she did not see him; and when the Prince returned home from the senate, great was his surprise to find her alone. She was singing with a feeling and expression he had never heard before. A picture too was there, which she had been painting. How strange! —he had never before seen her paint.

On the following evening she joyfully went to the confessional in the Franciscan church, and again heard the thrilling tones of the monk's soothing voice; and the hour she passed there was delightful. Weeks passed away, and many an hour did she there spend. She continued to devote much of her time to the sacred volume; the monk explained to her all the difficulties, and every word he uttered was deeply impressed upon her soul. Gradually the tone of his voice became more feeble; he seemed to speak with difficulty. She could not see his features; but she felt his hand grew still

more thin, and trembled more and more as she held it in her own.

One evening he did not appear, and the monks told her that Father Anselmo was very ill. Day after day she anxiously enquired. At length he appeared; his voice was hollow as that of a dying man; but he spoke more anxiously, more eloquently than ever, about her eternal salvation; and made her solemnly promise never to forget his words. "In this world, my child, thou wilt hear my voice no more!" he continued, after a long, silent prayer; "but I trust we shall meet in heaven! There, oh! there thou wilt meet Rodrigo, and know how deeply, how devotedly he loved thee!—and that for thy peace, for thy happiness he sacrificed his own. Alas! alas! his efforts were useless. Thou wast not happy—but still he acted right; thou wert destined for another, and God grant thou mayst yet be able to love him and enjoy a feeling of heavenly peace."

Anselmo took her hand and pressed it to his lips. "Farewell for ever, dearest Theresa!" In another instant he was gone, and the confes-

sional was closed. Was it a dream?—or had she really heard these words, “he loved thee?” And the tone—oh! how like Rodrigo’s! Was it his spirit that had appeared to lead her into the way of salvation? No—for still she felt that burning kiss upon her hand—still was it moist with the tears he had shed upon it. For hours she remained kneeling there in a delightful dream of happiness, scarcely conscious of what she thought; but the words he had spoken still sounded in her ears.

The following day she again returned, but—the convent bell was tolling! A sudden fear came over her, and each solemn knell struck with an agonizing vibration on her heart. For some time she had not courage to enter the church; at last, resolved to know the worst, with trembling steps, she dragged herself within its walls.

Mass was celebrating at the high altar; the Te Deum’s solemn tones resounded through the lofty arches; all the monks were kneeling round a coffin in the middle aisle.

Theresa leant against a pillar—the scene swam

before her eyes—she could see nothing. The consecrated wafer was raised, the bell sounded, the Gloria was sung, and the priests departed, and were soon followed by the monks. Every light was extinguished except those which surrounded the bier, and Theresa was left alone.

With a powerful effort she conquered her fears, subdued her emotion, and slowly approached the body. It was attired in the Franciscan habit, with the large cowl drawn over the face; but, oh!—it was *his* thin hand which clasped the crucifix.

Long did Theresa gaze on that hand, and knelt and prayed; then, as if inspired by a sudden impulse, she lifted the cowl, and beheld the beautiful, the beloved features of Rodrigo!

Yes, there he lay:—those dear eyes, which, from earliest youth, had beamed on her with such joy and love, were for ever closed;—those eloquent lips would never speak again, yet they still smiled with an expression of heavenly joy; and the high open brow was placid and calm; so pale, so fair, that, but for the dark eyebrows, his form might have been mistaken for marble, sculptured by Grecian art.

And what did Theresa? Be not disappointed, ye love-lorn damsels and desponding swains; ye who imagine yourselves so well acquainted with all the sublimity of love. Theresa neither fainted nor shrieked. She *felt* the agony that oppressed her; but she did not invoke death to release her from it. With her all was gloom—joy in this world was fled for ever; and at the moment, too, when she had awoke to the full consciousness of being loved—loved with a more enduring, a holier fervour, than had burnt even in her own heart. And was this blessed feeling to be buried with him? No, far otherwise; his angelic spirit survived in her, infusing new life and energy into every virtuous and benevolent feeling. She continued to live *in* the world, but not *for* the world. She sought not, as before, to drown her now hallowed grief, in noisy mirth and gay festivity;—her still lovely form was not again seen in the dance, but in the abode of want and of sickness, where her beaming countenance never failed to inspire cheerfulness—her gentle voice to breathe the words of hope and peace to the dying sinner.

Nor were her social and domestic duties neglected. She never failed to exert her rare talents to charm her delighted husband ; and many a fair but thoughtless Venetian was won from the path of destruction by the persuasive eloquence of Theresa. Nor did she ever faint or tire in her blessed work ; the memory of the " loved one," and his instructions, continued to animate her to exertion ; her long life was gloriously spent as he had wished—the Bible was her guide ; and it might truly be said of her, that she followed the example of Him " who, when on earth, went about doing good."

CHAPTER II.

Visit to the English Lakes.—Crawley Grange, an old house of Cardinal Wolsey's.

H— Place, on the Lake of Ullswater, Monday, August.—PEN or pencil, which shall I use? There is a stillness, a delicious calm, in the scene which I behold from this window. It is impossible to describe or paint it, and yet I long to retain in some manner the pleasant impression produced on my mind. I have been sitting this last half hour with sketch book and writing materials on a table near me, but I dreaded to dip the pen in ink or draw a line lest the charm should be broken.

And what a contrast between these cold

straight lines of writing, and the undulating graceful forms of mountains, woods, and sloping fields, the flitting lights and deep shadows—the reflections in the clear lake; here, a vivid reversed picture of the rocks and sky above; there, broken by a gentle breeze, which steals through the valley and softly kisses the lake—now it has reached the old oak which grows close to my window, and the wide-spreading branches (through which I see Helvelyn and the distant mountains,) are waving to and fro, as if to pay their homage to the glorious view.

Keswick, Thursday.—The English lakes have to me a greater charm than any others. This I now find is produced, not by the superior beauty of their scenery—for perhaps Killarney, the Scotch, and certainly the Italian lakes possess more positive beauty—but the charm to me is, that they are in England.

I never return home from the continent or Ireland without experiencing an ecstasy of joy at the first English village which greets my

eyes; and when, on passing through its little rural street, the clean smells of baking, brewing, (or even soap-suds,) rise up to my expecting sense, the delight is complete. "Soap-suds!" exclaims M—; "how can you introduce such a very unsentimental idea into your description of these beautiful lakes?" This objection to the homely occurrences of domestic life, puts me in mind of a marriage which was literally broken off from the lady's unfortunate allusion to soap-suds. The intended bridegroom was expressing to his betrothed great admiration of the white clouds which they saw during their evening's walk. "Are they not beautiful, my dear?" said he, in a sentimental tone. "I think they are very like soap suds," was the young lady's reply. The gentleman instantly quitted her, and broke off the marriage.

To return to our English lakes. I have never before visited those parts of my own country which are celebrated for beauty, except the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells; and from early associations, I had connected the idea of want of beauty with English scenery; I am

surprised, therefore, to find it so lovely. To find my own homely, rural, sweet-smelling villages among splendid mountains—to hear the well-known accents of country dialect drawled out amid echoes and rushing streams—and to see the stupid-looking good-humoured faces of honest boors peering over rocks or driving their ponderous waggons along the sides of precipices, gives me a bound of joy which I cannot express.

We drove yesterday to Borrowdale, and to-day we have been to Crummuch and Buttermere Lakes, and I have taken a number of sketches. A view which pleased me extremely was on the road from Ullswater to this place, just as we came in sight of Keswick and Derwentwater, and the sketch of it is here given.

We walked on the road towards Borrowdale, and had a beautiful view of the lake ; and a still finer, being a more extended one, from the summit of a woody height called Castlet, which we ascended. It is one of the prettiest of the grand views I ever saw. The variety of mountain outline, the lake below with its little islands, bounded at the extremity by the conical and



Sketched by Lady Chatterton.

VIEW OF KESWICK and part of DERWENTWATER LAKE.

Published by Saunders & Olney Cornhill St. New!

Engraved under the direction

wooded height of Castle Crag, above which appears the lofty range of Bowfells and Scawfell mountains; all these objects, seen by the clear rosy light of a fine sunset, formed a picture to which even the pencil of Claude could not do justice.

On our return home we went to see the church, a very handsome modern Gothic building. It is highly finished, but not overloaded with ornament; an octagonal vestry with a pointed roof, near one entrance, is a peculiarity. This beautiful church, with the parsonage, and an excellent school-house, were built by the late Mr. J. Marshall. They cost upwards of £13,000! The view from the gravel terrace-walk of the church-yard pleased us, if possible, more than the one I endeavoured to describe from the summit of Castlet.

Low-wood Inn, on the Lake of Windermere.—

We came from Keswick yesterday, passing by the lakes of Grassmere and Rydal. At the latter place we went to see Wordsworth's lovely abode; and I think the panoramic view from his terrace, of Windermere, and the mountains above Ry-

dal, is amongst the most beautiful we have seen.

Whilst staying with our friends on Ullswater, W— made a most interesting expedition to the top of Helvellyn. It was a clear day, with bright sunshine—so that the magnificent view was seen to the best advantage; and then, he had the good fortune to meet Mr. Wordsworth on the summit. It was, indeed, a great and unexpected pleasure to meet the celebrated poet in the midst of the scenery which his genius has immortalized—thus to see the monarch on his throne. Mr. Wordsworth had walked the whole way up, and did not appear the least fatigued—he was in high spirits, and the meeting of such a man in such a scene gave rise to pleasurable feelings which cannot be forgotten.

To-day we have been to Conniston lake, and walked through Yewdale, sketching at every step, and returned home by Esthwaite lake, and then crossed the ferry over Windermere to Bowness. Though small, I think Conniston lake as beautiful, perhaps more so, than many of its more celebrated companions. It looks, too, less lonely, and is more rurally drest and loveable :

there are grey farmhouses in its quiet dells, and cottages with old high chimnies and projecting latticed windows on the margin of the lake, which give a venerable and primitive air to the scene.

I have often thought that lake scenery, however lovely it may be, produces a feeling very like melancholy; yet melancholy is not quite the word. I feel that mirth, a merry jest, or noisy laugh, does not accord with the scene. Perhaps the imprisoned waters, the barrier of mountains, the deep shadows which are cast during a great part of the day over the landscape, and among which one lives, may impart a feeling approaching to gloom. I have felt this most at Killarney, and least on Derwentwater and Conniston.

Patterdale, Friday.—We remained four days at Low-wood Inn, on Windermere, and then came here by the pass of Kirkstone, and have since revisited the most beautiful parts of Ullswater, Lowther Castle, and a curious circle of stones, called Long Meg and her daughters. It is one of those Druidical monuments of

which there are many remains in England, and I believe, in France.

We had a long, and somewhat tedious drive, over a rough road, to the field in which it stands: at last we reached the "sisterhood forlorn," and were quite repaid for the trouble. We were much struck at seeing this giant work of ages long gone by, and can easily imagine the effect it produced on such a mind as that of Wordsworth: he says—

"A weight of awe not easy to be borne
Fell suddenly upon my spirit, cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that sisterhood forlorn."

The daughters of Long Meg, seventy-two in number, are placed in a circle, Wordsworth says, eighty yards in diameter. There is in one part an appearance of a double row. Long Meg herself seems

"placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast."

She is not now more than thirteen feet high above the surface, which, from cultivation, gradually rises. We measured the largest stone in the circle, which is nearly thirty feet in circumference, and about eight feet high. These stones must have been brought from a considerable distance: nothing similar being found in the country immediately near, as we were told by a countryman whom we met there.

We lingered for some time amid the mystic circle, and thought with pleasure on the proof which such monuments as these afford, that the early inhabitants of all nations had some kind of religion.

It is deeply interesting to think on the rude unlettered giants of those days, (for their mighty handiworks seem to proclaim them stronger and larger than the puny race of our time,) with untutored intellects, who, knowing scarce anything beyond brute force, acknowledging no human præeminence but that of strength and agility, had yet learnt to tremble at some unknown, unseen being, and to turn the immense powers of their frames to set up huge masses

in his honour, and pile rude temples as his dwelling place.

Chicheley Vicarage, near Newport Pagnell, Monday, August 6th.—To-day we drove to Crawley Grange, a very picturesque old place, about two miles from hence. It is interesting, from having been at one time the residence of Cardinal Wolsey.

The mansion is of moderate size, built of crimson-tinted brick, here and there covered with clusters of bright glossy ivy. The front consists of three projecting gables, flanked at either end by arches, leading to a garden on one side, and to the offices on the other. The centre gable contains the entrance-porch, surmounted by the Hackett arms. The windows and chimnies are in perfect keeping with the rest of the building, and give to it that cheerful, interesting appearance, for which the Elizabethan style of architecture is so justly admired.

I made the sketch here given of the entrance-hall, and the old oak staircase, which are said to be in the same state as they were in the Cardinal's time. His arms are carved on the table

at the end of the hall, and tradition affirms that it served as his sideboard. On one of the oak window-shutters in this hall, are the royal arms, with two Tudor roses carved above, and the Plantagenet portcullis below : bearing testimony that this mansion was one of those which Queen Elizabeth visited in her progresses through her kingdom.

Crawley Grange takes its name of "Grange," from having been assigned peculiarly to the Abbot of the monastery of St. Firmin, as his residence or farm, during office. This monastery was one of those whose lands were held of the Abbey of Woburn in chief, and was dissolved at the passing of the monastic Reform Bill. The Church of Crawley is a very handsome structure, and is dedicated also to St. Firmin.

The house came into the hands, about two hundred years ago, of a family of the name of Hackett, which lived in it for about a century and a half : some of the family are buried in the chancel. Since that period it has become the property of Thomas Alexander Boswell, Esq., of the family of Auchinleck in Ayrshire, the present possessor. Mr. Boswell has fitted up

and repaired it in its own style. This gentleman is grandson to the celebrated Boswell, the friend of Dr. Johnson.

Of course there are sundry legends and ghost stories attached to the old mansion. Who ever heard of an ancient mansion-house, without an apparition? But the proprietor has heard of one story, which, free as he is from superstitious imaginations, has yet produced a feeling, which makes him exclaim with Hamlet, to those who sneer,

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

The story alluded to is, that in some very early period of the existence of the house, before it became the property of the Hacketts, it was possessed by a young gentleman and his wife, to whom it had been granted, probably at the dissolution, or some time later.

The brother of this gentleman was a very bigoted Roman Catholic, and considered his brother, who had embraced the new doctrine, as doomed to eternal destruction. But resolving,

in his perverted imagination, that he would save at least his offspring from such a fate, he had found means of having poison administered to their child, which is said to have died in great agony. It was soon followed by its mother, who had never allowed the body of the child to be buried; and the father was shortly after tried before the ecclesiastical commissioners for being implicated in some heresy or other, and died in prison.

There is in one of the rooms a curious sort of long narrow cavity in the wall, shut in by a carved oak pannel, in which, according to the legend, the skeleton of the infant was found. The present possessor has himself heard a wild and painful cry like that of a child, at midnight; and an old man, who, while the house was formerly repairing, used to sleep in that room, has told the same gentleman, that he has often heard in the night the crying of a child.

Close to this house (Chicheley Vicarage,) is the old village church, which contains some interesting monuments of the Chesters, a family which still resides in the old manor-house near. There is something so quaint and original in the

incriptions on old monuments, that I never leave a village church without looking over them.

Collins says of Chicheley, that it was "A manor, part of the possessions of the dissolved priory of Tickford, and became part of the estate of Cardinal Wolsey in the 18th of Henry VIII. When Wolsey fell into disgrace, the king seized the estate; but, in the last year of his reign, gave it to Anthony Cave, Esq.; by marriage it devolved to William Chester, Esq., of ancient family ('citizens and drapers of London'), whose successors have ever since made it their residence."

In Chicheley Church there is on a brass plate a Latin inscription to the memory of Antony Cave, the first possessor of the old manor-house, who died in 1558. The following is a translation of part of it:

" All ye that pass here by,
Ye may be where I lie:
Soon gone, sooner forgotten,
So shall you be that come after,
Therefore remember and remember again."

One of the best monuments in the church is that of Sir Anthony Chester, who was advanced to a baronetcy by King James the First. Two marble figures representing himself and his wife, attired in the picturesque costume of that period, are kneeling with clasped hands opposite each other, and their countenances express feelings of great devotion. The tablet underneath expresses that "His third son erected this monument to the memorie of posteritie, May, 1637."

Sir Anthony's first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Boteler, has this quaint inscription in the same church: "Dame Elizabeth Chester, died the 5 April, 1629, at the age of 63, by whose virtue and wisdom that family is much advanced."

Sir Anthony Chester, Bart., the third of that name and title, married Mary, daughter of Samuel Cranmer, Esq., the quartering of the coat of arms showing her to have been a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer. On a marble tablet against the wall in the chancel of Chicheley Church, a Latin inscription to this Sir An-

thony imports, "That he was an honour to his family, and not more excellent by descent than by virtue: that there was seldom to be found one who so faithfully discharged all offices of a pious man, subject, husband, father or friend. He loved the good and cherished the learned; he entertained all freely and hospitably; followed virtue, and excelled in that part which makes mankind honoured; triumphing in piety, innocence, constancy and faith."

On another part of the same tablet we read, "Here lies, together with her beloved husband, and not less beloved than him, the Lady Mary Chester. She traced her descent from the illustrious Cranmer, and imbibed the true faith from that fountain-head of the true Reformation. As far as she could, she trod in the footsteps of her great ancestor, resembling him in morals and disposition. She lived beloved, and died lamented by her friends and family."

CHAPTER III.

Impressions at Brussels and Cologne—Schwalbach—Agréments of Table d'hotes.

I SHALL here insert some notes I made during a tour in Germany, and a winter in Paris. I was in very bad health, and not able to see much of the places we visited; but I used to note down anything that struck me, either about the books we read, or the scenery through which we passed.

Cassel, June 28. Hotel de la belle Sauvage.
—Our hatred towards valets-de-place has been marvellously increased by this morning's walk.

We left our comfortable cool room, which overlooked one of the most lovely views imaginable, for the sole purpose of finding a subject for a sketch. Well, it is too hot to get into a passion, so I shall say nothing more about it, but reserve all my venom for the next time that any of that hateful race lead us through broiling hot streets, and up steep paths, to gain "une vue superbe," over chimnies, roofs, and tops of churches.

Evening.—Another day is past!—happy indeed it has been; I can never expect to spend one more full of joy, peace and harmony. The sky, the air, the view of heaven and earth, were throughout lovely. I could scarcely wish any thing more blissful; yet were it possible for this day, and my disposition for its enjoyment, to last for ever, I should scarcely like the idea. Why is this?—does it proceed from a perversion of mind or a love of change, even for the worse, or because we can never be perfectly happy in this world?

Brussels, July 2. Saturday.— We arrived in this, to me, melancholy place on Thursday. It is strange how some places inspire a feeling of joy or sorrow in a way totally unaccountable.

Brussels is usually called a gay place, a pretty town, a cheerful residence, and so on. The fault must be mine, that I cannot see or feel its attraction. The market-place is indeed beautiful, and the lower town extremely interesting, full of magnificent remains of ancient Flemish splendour.

Eleven years have passed since my first visit to Brussels. How many changes to me, and in me, to it and in it, have occurred! A dear friend who was with me then, is now no more. I was quite overcome last night by seeing, in my little Bible, her writing, dated here. In this very hotel she commenced it—but I cannot write, the subject is too painful. The hand which traced those lines is mouldering in the grave; but the spirit—the spirit which directed that beautiful hand—perhaps at this moment it hovers near me.

The weather is tremendously hot ; this helps to depress both health and spirits. I cannot stir to see any of the sights.

How forcible do expressions in a new language appear ! This may be the reason which made me admire Schiller more than Shakspeare. The difficulty of reading a new language is a sort of spur to attention, and I feel as well as understand the author's meaning much better than when it is all easy and plain—at least it remains more deeply impressed on the memory. I am now reading Shakspeare with attention, and at every page my astonishment is increased when I think how blind I was before. Still I have not yet met with any of his female characters that please me so much as Theckla, in Wallenstein, for the love which makes her act so nobly, is a more exalted feeling than that which actuates Shakspeare's heroines.

Cologne, Saturday, 9th. Bellevue Hotel.—

We have been charmed with some music, which plays occasionally under the trees beneath this balcony. But my delight is not occasioned by the music alone. The sky, the air, the river, the domes and pinnacles, the shadows and reflections, everything combines to excite a feeling of harmony and pleasure. It is astonishing how seldom I experience such impressions as these in travelling, and how seldom things combine in such a manner as not to offend rather than please.

It is very easy to say and to think one does not care for inconvenience. I fancy I do not; yet I find it utterly impossible to feel pleased when one sense is gratified at the expense of another. When the nose is offended by a horrid smell, and the eyes by filth, can the enjoyment of pleasing sounds be complete?—or can a beautiful view afford pleasure when one is smothered with dust, and the whole frame melted by a broiling sun? Some people have certainly a wonderful power of enjoying the beautiful without being in the slightest degree

offended by the disagreeable. This seems very enviable; but I can scarcely believe that the feeling they experience is quite equal to that perfect delight which is felt when everything harmonizes. The faculty of rendering ourselves insensible to the disagreeable, or a natural insensibility to it, must, I think, blunt the capacity for exquisite pleasure.

We went after breakfast to the cathedral, and heard a splendid mass. The combined effect of fine music, painted glass windows, and the rich tracery of the splendid choir, was very delightful. The organ and voices are placed extremely high in this cathedral, which increases the sublimity and solemnity of its effect. One might really fancy those sounds came from heaven.

There is nothing so enjoyable, as a beautiful view from the window of a comfortable room. To sit and dream over the varying tints and shadows, or to skim the pages of some book, and occasionally look off toward the landscape, is truly delightful. Last evening the sun went down amid golden clouds behind the cathedral. I watched till the heavens changed from the fiery red

which succeeded sunset, to purple, yellow, pale green, until all subsided into a bluish grey, which shewed to much advantage innumerable lights twinkling in the streets and windows, and reflected in graceful dancing lines on the river.

A number of mice are constantly running about this room, and eat the crumbs of bread under the breakfast table; they are very useful little animals, and do the house-maids' work, who never take the slightest notice of the sitting-rooms.

It is so hot in our sitting-room, which looks on the river, that I have brought my books and writing things into this room at the back of the house. I see from my table a pretty view, though far inferior to the one over the river on the other side;—a little street, consisting of a few houses of different colours, with high-pointed roofs and gable-ends. At the doors are groups of peasants loitering in luxurious, indolent-looking attitudes—the girls with fair glossy hair, parted on their high intellectual brows, gathered up behind under a black net, and fastened with a gold band which

encircles half the head ; some men attired in long blue dresses, something like the smock-frocks worn by English labourers.

Beyond the street is a dark green wood, with a few light poplars rising above it, and the blue range of hills in the far distance. Wood-cutters are sawing and chopping wood under my window. This sound blends not unpleasingly with a melodious organ, and voices chaunting psalms in a neighbouring church ; and the fresh clean smell of the wood is wafted toward me by a gentle soothing breeze.

I am comforted by finding that Raumer had as much difficulty in feeling romantic or enthusiastic in Westminster Abbey, as I experienced when visiting the magnificent relics in the Church at Aix-la-Chapelle. I always find the description of a building or place which is connected with interesting recollections, excites amore powerful feeling than the reality ; the place itself generally appears so very far inferior to the associations which hallow it, that our enthusiasm is destroyed. On the other hand, a ruin or beautiful building which has no legend

or memorial attached to it, never fails to please, for we then embellish it with a thousand ideal stories.

Friday, Mayence; Hotel d'Hollande.—We came here in the steamer, but I was too ill to enjoy the scenery half so much as the last time we made the tour, when we posted along the road, and I think saw it to much greater advantage. During the last four hours of the voyage I suffered extremely; to be alone, I took refuge in the carriage; but it was not an agreeable position—the varieties of smells and noises were insupportable. Close to me on one side, and blocking up the window, was a sort of moveable stable, containing three horses. The poor animals did not seem to enjoy the voyage more than myself; to judge by the efforts they were continually making, to get out of their dark and loathsome prison. A hot, greasy-looking man without a nose, who seemed to be their guardian, was indefatigable in his endeavours to keep them quiet; armed with a long heavy stick, he constantly poked the poor animals, and in so doing, was sure to knock up against the

carriage, and interrupt the slumber into which I was endeavouring to compose myself. But this was only one of my troubles ; on the other side was the steam-engine chimney, which at no time is a very agreeable neighbour. Then the smell of hot iron and steam was mingled with the fumes of a small kitchen, the door of which opened immediately in front of the carriage, and where dinners were preparing for 106 passengers ; and the noise, too, arising from the washing of plates and dishes, and the cries of four boys and two women, occupied in these employments, were beyond endurance.

Schwalbach, Saturday, 16th.—The table-d'hôte, and indeed the whole town yesterday, at Mayence, was crowded, owing to multitudes having come from all the neighbouring towns to hear some military music, which plays every Friday at the public gardens. We had a long debate, as to the expediency of staying to hear it, or not. We decided to turn our backs on it, as well as on our comfortable, though noisy rooms, and come at once to this region of—I

was going to say discomfort—but it is hardly fair to condemn the place on one night's trial.

The drive to this place was really beautiful. We came by Schlangenbad, and remained there half an hour to rest the horses and exchange the short, grave, large-headed, small-legged postilion, with a tight drum-like face, who brought us from Mayence, for a tall old man, whose loose skin, yet bony features, very much resembled in colour and maturity an Orleans plum, withered and nipped by sun and frost; yet the flesh hung in merry folds over his long nose, little eyes, and low forehead; every wrinkle laughed, and his whole body seemed animated, and ready to dance to the pleasing music of his own mind. I devoutly hoped all this might be the pleasing effect of Schwalbach waters, as I found he came from that healthful place. There must be something soothing or good-humoured in the very air, for when we arrived at eight o'clock last night, weak, ill, and as I fancied, very tired, we found all the hotels full. However, without being annoyed, as we certainly should have been anywhere else, we got out of the carriage, and

walked all over the town in search of lodgings. We went to all the "Hofs" in the world, from Paris to Persia, and both the Indies, including the "whole world" itself—for one was named "die ganze welt;" but only a few little sandy-floored, dirty-walled rooms, at the top of one of these Hofs, could be found; and though very high, they were anything but lofty. The laughing-faced old woman and young girl who showed them, smiled as benignant, when with an apologising shake of the head we took our leave, as when they welcomed our approach. Schwalbach waters again, thought I. At the next Hof two most comfortable-looking damsels and an old man, shewed us all over the house. Here were plenty of rooms, but the hard deal chairs and tables looked most uninviting, and the thin wooden walls still worse; every step we took seemed to shake the whole building. Here again the old man and damsels smiled good-humouredly, as we turned our back on them and their Hof.

It was nearly dark; but without feeling cross, we recommenced our search. The next hofs

we explored, reminded us of Head's account of the "certain noises and uncertain smells;" and made us shake our heads. After going to some other places, we returned, when quite dark, to the P—— Hof, which belonged to the afore-mentioned old man and comfortable damsels. They agreed to take us in for thirty-two florins, that is about £2. 13s. per week. Now we are most tiresome persons to have anything to do with, being always resolved, if in a place for a week only, to make ourselves comfortable; we immediately began to move beds, chairs, tables, and chests. This operation is always an excellent test of temper, and the two damsels stood the trial extremely well, far better than the furniture they had to move. One bed rebelled at its expulsion from a place it had comfortably occupied since the house was built, and came to pieces, while a number of startled spiders must have cursed us in their hearts, for having so rudely broken the webs they and their forefathers had been for centuries quietly spinning. The floor creaked, and the legs of chairs and tables groaned so fearfully, that, lest the

house should come down too, we began to think it was time to desist, and endeavour to follow the pretty maid Zaffina's example, and be satisfied. It must certainly be the air of Schwalbach which enabled us to sit down so contentedly, to a basin-full of doubtful-looking milk, and laugh at the straight-backed wooden chairs, which supported, but certainly did not rest our weary limbs.

One great charm of travelling, and of the sort of table-d'hôte life we lead, is the power of being as disagreeable as one chooses. This very power, I believe, makes people particularly agreeable, and enables them to acquire many pleasant friends wherever they go. Among strangers we feel the delightful conviction that we have no character to support; no one knows who or what we are—therefore no necessity for exertion to come up to the preconceived opinion which kind friends may have formed. Talking to foreign strangers, is like writing down our thoughts in a book which is never to be read.

No vanity is excited, no effort called into play; we part at the end of the dinner or day,

probably for ever ; therefore it cannot signify what is thought of us : there is no well-known eye present to observe how much we talked, or how stupid we looked—nothing to check or over-excite the spirits or fancy.

Monday, 17th.—Up at six, and went, by Dr. Fenner's advice, to drink two glasses of the Pauline, and walk for nearly two hours ! This dose of water and exercise is to be repeated in the evening, so that I shall feel as if I were living two days, or perhaps as if I were not living at all, so completely will my time be occupied. Besides these four hours of idleness, there is to be a bath every day at twelve, which is to last till dinner, at one. From this meal and its etceteras, we have not much chance of escaping till half-past three, then a tasse de café is to be taken at four, and supper at eight !

“Madame est précisément faite pour les eaux de Schwalbach,” exclaimed the single-eyed doctor, with evident delight at the prospect of his Brunnen having found so good a patient. I am evidently the second consideration.

Frankfort, 14th.—Yesterday we dined at the English Minister's, at four o'clock. A very

pleasant party. Before we rose from the dinner-table, the Landgrave of Hesse, an old man of eighty, came to visit Mrs. C——. She left us, to receive him in the drawing-room, and we all soon followed, and were introduced to the intelligent and benevolent-looking man. He spoke very good English, and apologised to each of the ladies for not being able to rise from his chair. Coffee was then brought, and at six o'clock we all departed.

I like extremely the German custom of having only the dessert on the dinner table. Fruit, cakes, &c. are decidedly much more pleasing to the eye, particularly in summer, than animal food; besides which, it has this great advantage for the ladies, that their coiffeures are not disarranged by the servants, in putting down and taking up the dishes.

After dinner we drove, with a note I had written to Mademoiselle S—, to the Romische Kaiser Hotel, where we heard the Landgravine had come for the day. The object of the note was to express a wish to pay our respects at H— on the following day. We sent up the note,

and were going to drive away, when the Princess sent down to stop us. She would not be able to receive us the following day, and therefore begged we would come up stairs to see her. This we of course did; and I again admired, as I always do, the manners and marvellous memory of our royal family. The most minute circumstances of years long gone by; the most complicated relationships of comparatively obscure individuals; seem to be as clear and distinct to their minds, as if the circumstances happened yesterday, and as if the humble individuals were amongst their dearest friends.

I read yesterday, during the journey from Schwalbach, Shelley's tragedy of the Cenci. He spoils the very interesting character of Beatrice in the last act, by making her exert nearly as much energy and ingenuity to preserve her own life, as she before had done to destroy her father.

Went this morning to see the Ariadne, and admired all but the throat and position of the head: she looks as if she were

turning up her nose at some of the horrible smells with which Frankfort abounds.

Why should perfect works of art excite a higher degree of admiration, and call forth more enthusiasm than those of nature? Would not that extreme susceptibility to the beautiful, or that high intellectual culture which causes a taste for simplicity in art, prefer the works of nature? There are probably in animated nature few forms so beautiful as the Venus de Medicis, or the Apollo de Belvidere; but there are many faces more lovely than any of Raphael's or Correggio's pictures; yet few people experience so much gratification in beholding them.

Leipsig, August 20. Sunday.—Those who have been educated in good habits, to whom a kind or benevolent action is as easy as to put one foot before the other, can have little idea of every-day sacrifice. Yet these very people, if exposed to a severe trial, are sometimes the first to err, because their good qualities are more

corporeal, as it were, than mental. Hence arise those apparent inconsistencies observed in very amiable characters. They are never soured or put out of the way by any of the minor trials of life; and when any great misfortune befalls them, we are surprised at seeing them so completely crushed: whereas those who, from a bad education or other spoiling causes, have daily and hourly to contend against their own depravity and ill humour, are ready to exert the same energy and real self-denial in cases of difficulty. We are then surprised that the apparently bad persons should bear their great trials so well. Not considering the cause which enables them to do so, we attribute their seeming indifference either to coldness or want of feeling.

We are just returned from a delightful ramble in the Botanical Garden, which had all the pleasure of unexpected novelty. We went to see the spot where Poniatowski was drowned at the battle of Leipsig. I thought of our interesting acquaintance, Count K—; and that some such

patriot spirit as his, of broken hopes and now an exile, must have breathed the lines I read on the stone which is erected on the brink of the little river, (the Elster), where Poniatowski and his horse plunged into the stream :—

“ Reçois mon hommage, ombre révéré.

“ Dieu a eu pitié de l'hero et a retiré à lui le souffle de la vie, avant que l'espérance d'une patrie soit éteint dans son cœur !”

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Dresden—Musings on various subjects—Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*—Körner; Presentiment of Early Death—Expedition to Shandau, the Saxon Switzerland and Tetchen—Foggy Thoughts at the Bastei.

Dresden, August 24th.—THOSE who wish really to excel, should only attempt one thing.* By wishing to become every thing, we run a great chance of being nothing. “*On ne se fait rien*,” says Madame de Stael; but I do not quite agree with her, for I think almost any one may make themselves any thing if they have sufficient *faith* in their own powers, and steadily

* Goëthe said, “he had only acquired one talent, that of writing German.”

keep to the one point. A want of *adhesiveness*, and an extreme susceptibility for all that is beautiful, grand, clever, or good in every way, renders perseverance in any single pursuit rather difficult.

I have just begun writing on another half quire of paper. "I wish you would tell me what your journal is about;" said a friend one day at Frankfort: 'twas a difficult question to answer; W— said, "It is about every thing except the place she is in."

I usually write on any shabby scrap of paper I can find, for I feel as if my rambling ideas would but ill accord with a good pen and nice even paper. However, this looks more respectable than usual. I bought it at Luther's house in Leipsig!—and a very picturesque house it is, and so is the entire of that interesting town.

I could write pages about the beautiful Saxon and Gothic arches, with their carved niches, which adorn the entrance of the houses. The oriel windows, winding stairs, turrets, and gable ends, kindle all my childhood's enthusiasm for gothic architecture; but dear M— will describe

all these things, and the balconies filled with flowers, which rise like aërial gardens up to the top of the nine-storied houses—she will tell of the warbling birds in gothic cages, enjoying their perfumed imprisonment in beds of roses and geraniums, and among exotics. I hope, too, she will devote some pages to that interesting northern Ferrara, the grass-grown and intellectual-looking Weimar, which delighted me so much; and to the old Castle of Wartburg, which made us dream of Luther.

How enjoyable is the first day at a new place. All is anticipation—like the morning of life, or spring of the year, or the awakening from a first sleep after an illness. We are full of hope and expectation. If I usually experience this, what must it be here at Dresden, the northern Florence, the place which contains my two beau ideals of pictorial perfection, the Madonna di San Sisto, and the Notte of Correggio! Yet all I have yet seen of the town is very disappointing; cold, dreary, desolate, without grandeur or comfort.

A heavy rain is falling. W— has been out and brought home some delightful food, in the shape of books—Raumer's life of Frederic the Great, and Schiller's *Leben*, &c. Oh, the delight of cutting the leaves of a new book!—it is the same pleasure as the first day at a new place, "all to be."

We also bought many books at Leipsig, and I read yesterday, during the journey, part of "*Der Jude*," which is considered Spindler's best novel. It is clever—but it struck me to be a close imitation of Scott.

The worst of educating people not to think *of* themselves is that they do not then think *for* themselves, but become utterly dependant on others, and therefore unable to do half as much good as they would wish. Few of their actions will then be spontaneous; they may follow where affection or some striking duty leads, and tread safely the beaten track, but they will seldom exert either mental or bodily energy. If they reflect at all on their own qualities, it is only to find out defects. This takes away the

power of being eminently useful, and prevents their taking a leading part in any thing ; whereas a person whose self-esteem has not been wholly crushed, may do much good from an habitual confidence in his own powers. The consequence of severe training must be to subdue genius as well as vice, and check that independent and perhaps egotistical feeling necessary to strike out any new plan, or conceive any new idea. The same irrepressible impulse that made Luther dash his ink-bottle at the fly* which tormented him while translating the Bible, made him brave all the difficulties of his new career. As in a head, according to phrenologists, bad organs are required to set the good ones to work, so has every quality its use ; and fortunate it is for the world at large, that all are not what is usually called, " well educated."


Thursday Morning. Dresden.—This place continually reminds me of London ; the dark, smoky-looking buildings, with their small, narrow windows, which, unlike those in most Ger-

* According to tradition it was the Devil who assumed that form to impede his pious labours.

man houses, are even with the outer wall, and not sunk deeply into it. This gives a cold, thin, and comfortless appearance to the houses, like those in the old streets of London, as Conduit Street, Jermyn Street, &c. In fact, the architecture here extremely resembles that of the ugliest era of the English style, George II.'s time. At that period, how frightful must everything have been!—pig-tails and bags, and long-waisted coats for the men; hoops, narrow shoulders, powdered hair, and cushioned heads for the women!

It is difficult for those who have lived much in over-refined, or have been educated in over-fastidious society (I mean those who are *blasé*, or tired of everything) to pursue any occupation with great ardour. They are so accustomed to hear everything criticised or abused, or only coldly praised, that however great may be the powers they feel themselves to possess, it must be almost impossible for them to attempt any undertaking. This, I think, is the reason why the greatest geniuses have generally sprung from the middle ranks of society. This sort of over-

scrutinising fastidiousness is sure to render us dissatisfied, not only with all around, but with ourselves. It also causes, in many clever people, a want of eagerness and animation on subjects which they consider trifling ; while other persons can talk energetically about a spoon or fork, and say common-place things with such a decided and important air, as to gain credit for wisdom or wit which they do not possess.



Goethe has made his tragedy of Egmont very unnecessarily immoral. In point of fact, Egmont was married to a woman of high family, who had exerted herself most strenuously to save his life. Surely she would have been far more interesting as the heroine of the tragedy than the fictitious personage which Goethe has chosen, and who is represented as Egmont's mistress ; a girl of low birth, who commits suicide from love to Egmont, and yet during the whole piece rather encourages the addresses of another man. I felt angry too with the last scene, where Egmont in a

dream sees his mistress, after she has poisoned herself, coming down from *heaven*, under the form of Liberty, to crown him.

Wednesday.—Calybeus has been reading to us Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*. The first four acts are beautiful. Why did he write a fifth?

I believe that people are less interested by the description or representation of love than any other sentiment; for very few living, breathing, and eating mortals, are capable of feeling the deep, devoted, all-enduring love which poets and novelists describe. Other affections come more home to every heart; for all have loved a mother, brother, &c.; every one has experienced some of these affections. Perhaps most people have loved once; but it is seldom that real love is successful. If it does not die a natural death, it is extinguished in some manner so painful, that we would rather not be reminded of its existence. Some consider love as a thing too holy to be introduced. Others, who know not what it is, treat the sentiment as something absurd. I think the reason why *Wilhelm Tell* is more generally liked than *Wallenstein*, (though the

latter is decidedly a superior composition), is that there is less love in it. Love and ambition are the two great passions which Schiller has treated in so masterly a manner in *Wallenstein*; but few can appreciate the full beauty of Theckla's love for Max, or rather the exalted feeling which makes her wish to relinquish him. And ambition, real, downright ambition, is not a passion sufficiently common to interest the generality of mankind. Schiller's lines on blindness, in *Wilhelm Tell*, are perhaps as beautiful as anything he has written.

“ O eine edle Himmels-gabe ist
Das licht des Auges—alle Wesen leben
Vom Lichte, jedes glückliche Geschopf—
Die Pflanze selbst kehrt freudig sich zum Lichte.
Und er muss sitzen, fühlend, in der Nacht,
Im ewig Finstern—ihn erquickt nicht mehr
Der Matten warmes Grün, der Blumen Schmelz
Die rothen Firnen kann er nicht mehr schauen.”

Then how moral, as well as beautiful, are the sentiments. How can any one fail to be struck with horror at crime and oppression, when they hear the tyrant Gesler's “*Ich will,*” so fearfully

interrupted by the arrow of Tell, which reaches his heart? This passage is a beautiful historical illustration of "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee!" And how truly christian are Gertrude's ideas during the second scene—"Wust ich mien Herz an zeitlich gut gefesselt, Den brand warf ich hinein mit eigener hand."

Thursday.—We saw the Grüne Gewölbe to-day! A person who suffers from a too great development of the organ of acquisitiveness, or has a propensity to collect, would, I think, be cured by a sight of all those treasures. It would have the same effect as I once saw produced by presenting an entire leg of mutton to a dog, who tormented us for a bit. Who could spend their money, and toil and labour to make a collection of gems, antiques, or jewels, after seeing such a splendid réunion of all that is rich and costly, contained in the Alladin-lamp-like chambers of the Grüne Gewölbe?

Friday.—Quite disabled by head-ache, but

walked through the broiling sun over the bridge to the Brühlische pallast, to see a collection of Canaletti's pictures. They are all views in Dresden, and he has contrived to give them a cold northern look, which is very characteristic of this place. How a man could do this, who was accustomed to the warm clearness of an Italian sky, the voluptuous glow of a Venetian atmosphere, and the gracefulness of Palladian architecture, is to me wonderful. It shows he had more imitative than creative power.

Read last night some of Fink's "Gemelde aus dem Zeitalters des Kreuzzüge,"—liked the following passage in the history of Tancred, extremely. "Ein unverdorbenes jugendliches Gemüth begreift am schwersten die Mischung des Guten und des Schlechten in die menschlichen Natur; es glaubt eben so leicht an die unbedingste Vortrefflichkeit des Einen, als es sich durch eine einzige zweideutige Handlung von dem Andern zurückgestossen fühlt."

This passage I have quoted, expresses very

well a great truth ; but much experience is required, before an innocent-minded person can be convinced of this sad truism—this mixture of good and bad in *every* heart. It is a want of knowledge of the world, or human nature, which makes many avoid the society of those they call worldly ; if they could see into the hearts of some who live much among their fellow-creatures, as great a proportion of good would be found, as in those who live entirely in seclusion. In fact, good and evil are so blended, and all, even the best, are so inconsistent, that it is unjust to condemn any one.

Schandau, Monday.—A very pretty spot. We had a beautiful day for our drive here, but it was very hot, and we were much shaken in the rough carriage.

On our way, we visited the fortress of Königstein. It occupies the entire of one of those singular projections, which give its peculiar character to the scenery of this country—the isolated remains of a former stratum, which, with these exceptions, was swept away. Königstein well repaid us for the *broiling* we got, while

making the circuit of it : nature has gone three-fourths of the way to make it impregnable, and art has done the rest.

It is now occupied by a battalion of 200 men and some artillery. The infantry remain unchanged during their six years of service ; its war-garrison is 2000 men ; its magazines can contain supplies for a long period ; and its well, which is remarkable, gives an abundant supply of water : it may be bombarded from the opposite height, Lilienstein, but could not be reached by cannon-shot. Napoleon made the attempt with a fourteen-pounder, but without success. The fortress, it appears, has never been besieged. In the seven year's war, it was declared neuter ; and in 1813, the Allies did not attempt an attack ; indeed, its position is of little importance, and its strength is chiefly serviceable as a refuge for the Dresden treasures in case of war : those of the Grüne Gewölbe were removed here in 1813, and to this they are probably indebted for preservation.

The view from Königstein is very fine, over part of the Sächsischen Schweiz, (Saxon Switz-

erland) and of the remarkable rock, the Lilienstein, the giant sentry of the opposite bank of the Elbe. Trees of considerable size and great beauty grow upon the top, within the fortress, though the depth of soil is so trifling, that the burying-ground of the garrison is on the slope outside the walls. There are some pretty gardens on the summit, particularly that which belongs to the Governor, who has also a small vine-yard. The well is the great curiosity of the place: it is covered by a fine vaulted-roof; the water is drawn up by a wheel, worked by four men, who, thus, by means of two hogsheads alternately raised, bring up about thirty-six tuns of water in a day. The wife of the "Oberbrunnen Meister," (the head well-master) who shewed it off, gave the well a depth of 900 feet; by means of a mirror, she shewed us the water bubbling up at a great distance beneath. This fortress is not seen without a special order from the war-department, in which the names of the persons are written. The heat of the day rendered the visit impracticable to our travelling companion, who was not well. Our valet-de-place,

who had never seen the fortress, was most anxious for admission; luckily for him, the designation, "Miss Dickson" in the order, was totally unintelligible to the Serjeant; and as "Miss Dickson," our valet-de-place was admitted. The order was evidently for four, and "Einer fehlt" (one is wanting) was the only observation made.

The opposite side of the river on the sloping ground, commanded by the Lilienstein, was the scene of the sufferings of the Saxon army, at the beginning of the seven years' war, and which ended in their surrender. Napoleon made also a fortified camp here, and opened a good road, which still exists through the mountains to Stolpen; from this camp, Vandamme broke up to encounter the disasters of Culm.

The road to Schandau winds round the Königstein; it is very steep, but well made and protected, and it affords a magnificent view of the fortress, towering in all its majesty above. By this road, we reached the little town of Königstein, where an annual fair, with its piles of picturesque crockery, and booths of all sorts of things, gave great animation to the scene.

The houses are of wood and plaster ; and few places could afford a better sketch than the narrow street of Königstein, as we saw it, with its black and white gable-ends, the little booths almost blocking up the street, and the noble mountain of Königstein in the back-ground.

To reach Schandau, we crossed the Elbe in a ferry-boat, and drove through the little town to reach the Bad-Haus, (bath-house) which is the principal inn. It is very prettily situated in the valley of the Kirnitsh-bach, a stream which here flows into the Elbe. Here are some mineral baths which are frequented ; but it must depend chiefly for support on the visitors to the Saxon Switzerland, who crowd here, as it is the favourite point from which to make excursions.

Tuesday.—Such a day—I cannot describe it. Went to the beautiful Kuhstall, Prebicsthor, and Winterburg. The sunset, on our return by the Elbe, was more lovely than any thing I ever beheld. The Lilienstein, a mass of rock which resembles a gigantic shaft and capital of an inverted Corinthian column, rising abruptly out of

the high woody bank which overhangs the Elbe, formed to-night the centre of the beautiful picture. The sky, as we slowly rowed along the smooth stream, changed from the soft blue of brilliant sunshine to the fiery red of sunset; against this, the rocky banks, with their towering forests above, assumed a dark purple hue; and lower down that blue vapory tint which served to bring out in strong relief the little town of Schandau, with its high pinnacled dome, Swiss-like cottages, and crowd of masts. All these objects, even the feathery pines which stood like graceful fairies on the distant Lilienstein, were reflected on the majestic river. I tried to make a sketch of the view, which is here given.

In such scenes as these no wonder that the poor Träger should exclaim, with unostentatious yet unshrinking devotion, when he came to the end of his labours, "Let us be thankful to God for the safe and pleasant excursion we have had."

It was a most delightful expedition—twelve hours of perfect enjoyment!

I read Körner's tragedy of Zriny, when I came home. How a presentiment of any misfortune will tinge with a melancholy hue all that people say or think. Körner died at twenty-one. It was probably some "ahndung" of this untimely end to all his splendid prospects, which made him begin his tragedy with Soliman's anxiety to know the term of his own life, and whether he should have time sufficient in this world to finish his glorious designs.

Schiller is right in saying that self-love is every thing, and pervades all we do or think. The characters formed by our own imaginations are dear to us from being a part of ourselves. We give them all some of our own qualities, for no one can describe what they have never felt. Those whose characters are most versatile can certainly compose the best. They can embody, as it were, every sort of disposition, passion, or quality in an imaginary being. It is the same with acting. By dint of study and imitation some people may arrive at an extraordinary

degree of excellence either in writing or acting ; but they will never do these things with facility, never will a picture spring from their creative hands spontaneously, unless they can *feel* as well as see. "It is feeling," says de la Martine, "which makes poets of all." At the moment when the most uncouth and disgusting of human beings is really touched, he becomes poetic and excites interest.

A disposition which can turn all to account, and can see and feel the good in every thing that occurs, is highly necessary for composition—yet this must be accompanied with a great sensitiveness to the bad. Otherwise, description, by being always good-humoured, would become insipid and devoid of originality. It must be also accompanied by a power of seeing and entering into the faults of others without being infected by them.

Our happiest moments are often those which are caught—redeemed—in the midst of misery,

fear, or distress, like short intervals of freedom from pain in a long illness. Bright specks which shine like brilliant meteors in the dark night of life.

Schandau, Thursday.—The whole of yesterday was devoted to an expedition to Tetchen, a fine castle and small town belonging to Count Thun. It is situated on the Elbe, but much higher up than this place, and we were four hours and a half rowing there.

The day was fine, and so was the scenery through which we passed ; but the row was rather tedious, as in some places the current was very strong against us. At about half way we came to the Austrian frontier, but we found no difficulty about passports ; even Austrian vigilance seems to sleep here ; the boatman merely said we were coming back again, and we were allowed to pass.

Tetchen is beautifully situated at a turn of the river, just where the hitherto narrow valley of the Elbe expands into a wide plain, beyond

which a high range of mountains is visible in the distance.

The castle was formerly a fortress; and its position on a high rock overlooking the river, and at the confines of a fertile plain, must have rendered it a place of great importance in times of war. The old approach, by which we entered the building, is up the steep side of the rock, between two high walls, and is very striking and peculiar. The view from the windows of the castle is beautiful, and we were much pleased with the air of almost English comfort which pervaded the whole dwelling.

The Count Thun and his family were at Prague, which was unfortunate, as we had known them in London, and should have been glad to see them in their princely residence.

The extensive gardens are filled with the choicest flowers. Oleanders were in full bloom, and dahlias of every hue, and peculiarly fine. The terraces, which rise in succession from the river-side to the summit of the high rock on which the castle stands, command a great variety of prospects.

Tetchen is an active, bustling place; and a large building, a depôt for manufactures, particularly glass, proves that it has trade. A number of boats were anchored just under the castle, and their tall masts, and the picturesque costume of the peasant girls who were assisting to load them, added much to the beauty of the view.

When we came down from the castle I endeavoured to make the sketch which is given at the beginning of this volume.

Our row back to Schandau in the evening did not occupy more than three hours, as we had the current with us. The Elbe was like a looking-glass, and reflected the scenery on either side in great perfection. But we had no sooner landed than a violent storm came on. The thunder roared, and the flashes of vivid lightning shewed that the river on which we had floated so tranquilly was fearfully agitated.

As we entered this comfortable inn the rain came down in torrents, and we congratulated ourselves on being safely housed, when half an

hour's delay would have exposed us to all the annoyance and danger of a tempestuous row in the storm.

To write an account of a tour must considerably enhance the pleasure of travelling, and increase that thirst for information which is always conducive to enjoyment. Almost every one has some secret grief from which they wish to fly,—though sometimes they may be scarcely aware of its existence. When this is the case, travelling without any positive object or employment, is but a bad remedy; for at no period of our lives have we so much time for thought.

It is easy to see and admire all that is deserving of notice; but to derive pleasure from the admiration, is often very difficult. To behold the beautiful, reminds one of what even this world might have been, but is not. We see a beautiful picture, statue or view, which awakens all the poetry of our nature:—we walk or drive for hours afterwards; nothing occurs to disturb the train of thought, at first so

delightful; but how often it then travels in a sad or forbidden direction—unavailing regrets, past joys, assuming the appearance of horrible spectres, spring up to confound our excited imagination, and shake the foundations of long-established principles of faith in the wisdom of God. Again we strive; we wish for that earthly bliss, which fate, or more frequently our own errors, have for ever banished.

Bastei, Friday.—That misfortunes never come alone, is an old truth which this day's expedition has again impressed upon our minds. I was roused out of a comfortable sleep and, for a wonder, pleasing dreams, to be jolted along through dense rain in a little rough carriage, so completely shut up, that had any rocks or mountains been visible, we could not have seen them. We occasionally, however, caught a glimpse beneath the leather curtain, of precipices close to the carriage-wheels, and were not made happier by the idea that the thick clouds below prevented our judging of their depth. We arrived at

the Bastei after three hours tugging and pulling, and now we can see nothing but the little room in which we are sitting ; its furniture a few hard dilapidated chairs and a rickety table, covered with a sort of dirty blue and red carpet. Our damp bonnets and cloaks, lying on a black sofa, are looking as miserable as ourselves. A tall cold stove stands like a mourner on my left hand, keeping a dull lugubrious watch over beds which bear a most ominous resemblance to that small four-boarded last bed, which is to receive the mouldering remains of humanity. The beds are placed with their heads against two windows, which we have opened, to try and get rid of the death-like smell which pervades the room. My conscience smites me, however, for thus exposing the pillows and feather-bed to the pattering rain, in a manner that will not conduce to the pleasant rest of the next luckless wight who is destined to sleep there. I only hope he or she may not by any means exceed the stature of four feet. How a body of large dimensions ever succeeds in squeezing itself into a German bed,

is to me a complete enigma. I often have serious thoughts of invading the nocturnal privacy of some fat jolly traveller who happens to sit near me at the table-d'hôte, for the sake of discovering how he manages to tuck all his limbs into his narrow couch. To look at a German bed, one would say that it was destined for a dwarf with an enormous head, for the pillows are always half as large as the entire bed.

“ German is the language of melancholy, Italian of love, French of wit, English of sense, Spanish of gallantry,” said, I think, Charles the Fifth. How delightfully expressive are the words “ Schwermuth, Wehmuth,” &c. ; and can any lines paint a profound spirit of melancholy more truly than those uttered by Clärchen in Egmont :

“ Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedanken-voll seyn,
Langen und bangen in schwebender Pein,
Himmel-hoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt,
Glücklich allein ist die Seele die liebt.

Thränen auf Erden, ach! fließen so viel,
 Kummer belastet so manches Gefühl
 Schwermuth macht Herzen zum Tode betrübt.
 Glücklich allein ist die Seele die liebt."

We could not help thinking of them in this dreary place.

Dresden.—The rain will not allow us to go and hear again that enchanting music at the Catholic Church. I am sorry, for this will probably be our last Sunday in Dresden. Upon the whole, we have liked our séjour at Dresden very much. Many of the sights have afforded me great pleasure, which is rather wonderful; for I have never acquired that talent so useful for a traveller, the being able to enjoy regular sight-seeing. The library is delightful; it would reconcile, indeed almost makes me wish, to spend the winter here. It is conducted on a most liberal plan: any one, on a guarantee which is easily obtained, is allowed not only to read, but to take the books away. But were we to

stay, we should be deprived of the enjoyment of the splendid picture-gallery, as during the winter it is closed. All things considered, I am very glad we are going to Paris.

At the table-d'hôte to-day there was a beautiful girl, a good likeness of Malibran. There was an air of originality in her dress and manner, which rivetted my gaze during the whole dinner. She was at too great a distance for the sound of her voice to be heard ; but there was a look of quiet intelligence in her eye, and of persuasive power in her lip, which made me feel sure that her thoughts and words did not fall short of the promise of wit which was stamped on her smooth high brow. The dark auburn hair, divided into four plaits, descended low on her delicate cheeks, and then falling on her slender throat, the ends were looped behind her ear ; a bow of crimson velvet was placed at the back of her head. Her dress was black ; and, unlike that of the German girls, it was made low and with short sleeves ; but a large transparent veil of the same sombre hue was thrown over her shoulders, the folds of which were gathered up,

and rested gracefully on her round and snowy arms. No ornament of any kind interfered with the lovely simplicity of her appearance : the idea that probably I shall never see that radiant creature again, makes me quite melancholy.

The waiter has just come in to take away the coffee, and we have asked him the beautiful girl's name. The poor man, who does not look as if he had much taste for beauty, shrugged his shoulders, and said he had "*keine zeit für schöne Mädchen.*" But I must not forget the mother, who was a most interesting-looking person, and from her air of past beauty, put me in mind, during the two hours I was there, of three people in London who have the reputation of having been the greatest beauties of their day.

The resemblance was neither in form or feature ; it was merely occasioned by that air of graceful contentment, which a face that has been universally admired always acquires.

This is far removed from conceit. I do not know exactly what to call it. Perhaps "*The repose of Beauty,*" expresses something of what I mean.

The look and sensation must spring from the satisfaction of feeling they are so near perfection.

The difficulty we sometimes find to express our ideas when anything affects or excites us deeply, arises from this—that we seldom *think in words*; or perhaps the impression affects our feelings more than our minds. My idea is, that the more deeply we are affected, the less able we are to express our feelings.

There is much truth in what Goethe says, though perhaps he goes too far, as most people do who are not fully impressed with the truth, and actuated by the spirit of religion.

“Gefüll ist Alles;
Name ist Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth.”

In the passage which precedes this, and some others, a feeling of religion breaks forth; but like Byron's, it is so vapoury, indistinct and uncertain, as to be scarcely of any use either to the author or his readers.

CHAPTER V.

Pictures at Dresden—Raphael *versus* Correggio.

Monday. The Picture Gallery.—THE idea of heaven, of a place where our sole employment will be to praise, our only sentiment love, can afford no delight when our thoughts are far from God. Yet all, even the very worst of us, wish to dwell with that God, to arrive at that place, towards which we so seldom direct our thoughts. This can only be from want of belief, of faith; for if we expected to pass the last years of our earthly life in some particular place, how anxious we should be to know all the particulars of it, and if possible to become acquainted with, and ingratiate ourselves with

those people who were destined to form our only society.

Yet we all know how uncertain are the years, even the days, of our sojourn here. We are convinced of the possibility, if not probability, of our never living to see another spring, but this conviction would never withhold us from arranging and ordering all our concerns in the manner most conducive to our comfort and happiness when that spring shall arrive. We can act, and toil, and labour, for an *uncertainty* in this world ; but how sad and humiliating is the thought that we can neither firmly believe or resolutely act upon an expectation of what an instant's reflection would prove to be a *certainty*; for that we must all die, is a truth which no mortal can deny.

Most of us profess to believe in a God : let us then think of him ; let us try not only to please him, but to cultivate a taste for the society of that being with whom we hope and expect to dwell. How strange !—I was going to record my impressions of the Picture Gallery, when the above thoughts came so suddenly and forcibly

into my mind, that I could not resist the impulse to write them down with the same pen which had just been mended, while visions of Raphaels, Guidos, and Correggios, floated before me, and I have not now time for anything more, as I am hurried away.

Evening.—We went to see the collection of copper-plates. Too tired when I arrived there to look at the prints in a regular way, I sat down and indulged in grumbling reflections on the inefficiency of my body. Soon forgot all pains and aches by looking at two beautiful prints. One was the little cherub with its finger on the mouth, in Raphael's St. Sisto; the other was a lovely Cupid of Mengs. The original of the last is in crayons. I was forcibly struck by the inspired air which beams in every feature of both. Yet how widely different is the expression! Every thought and feeling of the Cherub seems engrossed by devotion; his inspiration is that of rapt admiration, of delight at feeling

totally dependant on a superior being, on beholding its glory. There is, too, an infantine buoyancy in every feature, but it is evidently caused by the intensity of his adoration. The radiant expression on Cupid's lovely features is not less inspired, and the look which he casts up to heaven is full of lively expectation; but there is in his whole appearance a consciousness of power, a triumphant self-satisfaction. One is the inspiration of earth, the other of heaven. This shews how admirably both the painters conceived and executed their idea. Mengs represented a pagan God, the ideal creation of a mortal or an earthly mind; Raphael, a heavenly adorer of the Divinity.

I have been rather angry with myself for feeling less pleased with the entire picture of the San Sisto than I expected. It is certainly one of Raphael's most beautiful works; but I cannot agree with nearly all the artists who declare that it is his best. The delightful impression which his Transfiguration, his Madonna della Seggiola, and many others have left on my mind, would be effaced, if I felt it necessary to ad-

mire this more or even as much. Perhaps one reason for the sort of slight disappointment caused by the real San Sisto is, that the composition being extremely simple, is easily copied, or at least Raphael's idea can be traced plainly in all the engravings of it. The design (which I think in most of his pictures is better than the execution) may be imagined from a good print; and I have always admired the prints so much, that I certainly expected more in the original. This is never the case with Correggio, the inimitable, uncopyable Correggio! What print, what outline, can give the slightest idea of the truly magical effect of his colouring?—And what artist, ancient or modern, has ever succeeded in copying the San Gerolamo at Parma, or the *Notte*?

To-day at the copper-plate museum, above Raphael's little Cherub, were two prints on which I gazed for a few minutes, before I discovered they were trying hard to represent two pictures by Correggio. At the further end of the room was a small print of the whole picture of San Sisto; no one could mistake that at any

distance who had given only a cursory glance at the original.

Raphael's designs and outlines are, in my opinion, not only superior to his own pictures, but far above those of any painter, not even excepting my favourite Correggio. His slightest and least good frescos and outlines are never without a character of sublimity and grace. This feeling of grace and beauty never deserts him. But his genius was too creative to allow of so exquisite a finish in colouring as some other less gifted painters possess.

A mind so replete with beautiful ideas as that of Raphael, should have had hosts of excellent painters constantly working under his directions to embody his sublime thoughts. No doubt his early death was occasioned by the immensity of his labours, and his anxiety to leave to the world all which his teeming genius imagined.

A desire for present fame is not so strong a passion in some minds, as that inward longing to execute something worthy of descending to posterity, something to prove the natural divi-

nity of man, to shew that a spark of the original perfection has survived the fall.

I can fancy that Raphael must have been so engrossed with this idea, as to forget himself; he must have lived in the creatures of his imagination; his hope was, that they would exist as long as the world endured.

The lower our degree of excellence, the more do we covet for *ourselves* the applause of men. A true divine genius would witness, no doubt, with rapture, the admiration which his works might excite; but this would be, not to receive a conviction of their merit, but because he had found a kindred soul to appreciate them. But the idea of self, as the author of them would never occur to his mind. He would only view them as the inspirations of divinity, the emanations of a spirit from above.

That, "all good and perfect gifts come from God," may be plainly seen in those who possess them, for they are always accompanied with a feeling of humility, so great as to excite the wonder of the unthinking. But this is most natural; the more perfect the genius of such

favoured mortals, the greater their power of production, so will their opinion of themselves (independent of their works) be low ; for they must feel, when they produce anything far beyond the common level, that it is the work of inspiration, which comes from above, and over which they themselves have no control.

A mind thus illuminated with a ray of the divine essence, however gratified by the success of its undertakings, must be peculiarly sensible to a feeling of humility ; because it is more than others, oppressed by the weight of earth, by the consciousness of innate sin. A shade of melancholy pervades the writings, paintings and works which are sublime, occasioned by the struggle, as it were, of two contending powers.

The authors of such works feel more than other men whatever is beautiful, " whatsoever things are lovely ;" can it then be surprising that they are shocked and annoyed by witnessing, not only the deformity and corruption of others, but their own ?

Correggio's *Notte*, the adoration of the shepherds, enchants me more than any picture in the world, except his own *St. Girolamo* at Parma. There is so much grace and poetry in every countenance and attitude. The picture is composed of contrasts, and yet it is full of harmony. It represents night; yet no ray of sunshine was ever so brilliant as the light which emanates from the infant Saviour. The grotesque figures of the adoring shepherds, would be too harsh to blend with the holy mother's sublime beauty, if there were not a wonderful expression of refinement as well as light, from the miraculous child. It is, as if the mysterious and sublime scene had softened the rough and uncouth ideas which would otherwise belong to such rude exteriors. The angels which hover above, are really angelic; their features (if such a bodily term can be applied to creatures so unearthly,) are radiant with joy. Beautiful! but unlike any human beauty. Forms, which on fine summer evenings, fleecy clouds might assume; creations, in which the heavenly idea of "Peace,

good will towards men," seems embodied in forms divine.

Perhaps I am rather prejudiced in favour of Correggio. There is to me something extremely interesting in his having died young, before the birth of his glory. His character is described with much beauty, and I hope with equal truth, in Ollenschläger's delightful tragedy.

Wednesday.—Again visited the picture gallery;—much pleased with several Rembrandts; though his pictures seemed to be treated here with very little respect, for many are placed so high, and in such bad lights, that some parts of them are quite lost. This is particularly the case with "the feast of Ahasuerus," which is the best picture of his I ever remember to have seen. Another very clever but small picture, in a more sketchy style, is that of the burial of Christ. This an English artist who was copying Correggio's Magdalen, said he would give his left hand to have painted. Another is evidently

the portrait of an old man, with a pair of spectacles in his hand. Another, of a laughing woman, excellent. One, of a man taking down some game, is placed at the very top of the wall. I longed to take it down and place it in the next room, where Rubens' Judgment of Paris is enthroned, under a glass case, in the post of honor, under the best Ruysdael. Some little pictures, by Dietrich, a native of Weimar, but who died at Dresden in 1774, are extremely beautiful. Simeon in the Temple, is perhaps his best. There is a joyous devotion in the old man's countenance, which quite says, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Another near this, of the Virgin and Child, is quite a little gem. Two more, of some monks, are very good, as is a flight into Egypt. In the same room, are some small pictures by Raphael Mengs, which, if we were not bewildered with multitudes, and always anxious to pass on to the Italian schools, would be well worthy of notice. One is the angel, appearing to Joseph in a dream. The colouring and finish of a Magdalen,

is excellent, and also a repose in Egypt. Over the door, is a picture of the lost son, by a man named Kugelchen, who was murdered here.

A pretty picture of Netcher's, a lady standing at a window, with a carpet hanging out, put me very much in mind of the beautiful Lady E.

There are some very good Guercinos in the Guido room. One of the best is the Queen Somiris receiving intelligence of the loss of a battle against the Persians. She is in the act of dressing her hair; the attitude is beautiful, and the glossy hair seems not only real, but as if it waved between her fingers. The beautiful Paul Veroneses, the Titians, Guidos, &c., are certainly most worthy of the attention they almost universally receive. Of those usually passed by without comment, I admired some of Luca Giordano's, particularly Jacob finding Rachel at the well. The works of this painter are endeared to me by early and pleasing associations; and even the first day I went to the gallery, when hurrying forward to reach the celebrated Correggios and Raphaels, I could not help

pausing to look at some pictures, which I immediately recognized as those of my friend Luca Giordano.

Friday.—Took my leave of the picture gallery; remarked two nice paintings by Watteau, two good Claudes, and some Poussins. On former visits we were always in such a hurry to get on to the other rooms, that we never gave ourselves time to examine them. In the Venetian room I admired a Holy Family, by Palma Vecchio, and was told by an artist to admire an Adoration of the Shepherds, by Giorgione. Giorgione is an old favourite of mine, so I pricked up my ears, and cast up my eyes. They were arrested by the figure of the Holy Child, which looked so like a half-boiled lobster, that I turned towards a portrait of a Doge, by Bassano, and bestowed on it my checked admiration. Then took a last lingering gaze on Titian's *Christo della Moneta*. This, I think, is one of the best of his religious pictures; for Titian had too much voluptuousness of feeling to succeed often in embodying a spiritual idea. His women are certainly lovely,

but they are women, indeed ;—beauties, conscious of the perfection of their outward form, but whose features express no intellectual forgetfulness of that form. His Venuses are lovely and graceful creatures of flesh and blood. This sounds too Rubens-like ; but no,—Rubens' productions are masses, and seldom lovely ones, of the same earthly material.

After looking on this picture for some time we went into the next room, and enjoyed the luxury of a seat near the Paul Veroneses. Here I caught a distant view of a picture whose luxuriance of colouring and soft finish is very pleasing. David with the head of Goliath, by A. Jurile (l'Orbetto), and two most speaking portraits of old men by Nogari. In another part of the room, there is, by the same painter, an old woman, warming her hands over a pan of coals. I always quite envy her as I pass by, she seems so thoroughly to enjoy the warmth. In the same room is a picture by Strozzi of Esther and Ahasuerus. I liked them, but as they are placed high up, I suppose they are not much esteemed.

Two of Caravaggio, and an Ascension of the Virgin, by Annibal Carracci, pleased us extremely.

Why is a taste for poetry declining in England, and why has it not begun to do so in Germany? Perhaps the reason of our having in some measure ceased to admire poetry is, that good taste now consists more in avoiding the bad than seeking the beautiful.

In the present day, sense and reason reign paramount, and triumph, not only over that susceptibility of feeling which is necessary to admire intensely what is beautiful, but they act as a most effectual damper to that enthusiasm which is requisite for poetry. *Devotion* to God, to others, to one's country, is treated with more ridicule than admiration. Use is preferred to ornament.

People would rather have comfortable furniture than adorn their rooms with pictures, and

prefer a book on any practical subject, to the most brilliant effusions of poetical fancy.

The English are generally satisfied when they have built a comfortable plain house. We have, like the Greeks of old, discovered that true beauty consists in simplicity; but as there is but one step between the sublime and ridiculous, so there is but a narrow line between the simplicity of beauty, and that actual plainness which is devoid of all excellence. A people which has not attained the utmost height of civilization, has generally more taste for both poetry and architecture than will be found in a country more advanced.

The Germans have made great progress in mental cultivation, without losing the primitive simplicity of their habits. Hard sofas, uncomfortable beds, and uncarpeted rooms, shew that their bodies are yet in a hardy state. Their early hours, and readiness to be amused, with the little varieties of country "parties," or sitting out of doors, talking or knitting, exposed to the scorching sun and cold wind, evince that

they have none of the over-fastidious and morbid feelings of more advanced countries. They have, besides, but little of that restless industry and love of gain, which is so inimical to poetry.

CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Leipsig—Herder's Ideen—German music—
Novel remedies for the defects of a German bed—Journey from Nordhausen to Cassel—Carriage notes.

Leipsig, Tuesday.—I left Dresden, after a sleepless night, at half-past five yesterday morning. Though suffering much, I felt all the beauty of the drive to Meissen.

It was one of those mornings when everything combines to embellish scenery; and nature seldom produces forms so graceful as the wooded and vine-clad hills which bound the valley of the Elbe.

Sometimes the road passes near a Wein-berg, with its beautiful villa and terraced gardens, while, on the opposite bank of the river, the grey

tower of an old castle is seen, on a high perpendicular rock. Sometimes, it passes close to the garden of some picturesque cottage, where huge gourds, of a bright golden hue, are festooned beneath the fruit trees, where the bright red apple, and purple plum, and rich clusters of grapes, seem to vie with each other in the gorgeousness of their colouring; where the old haus frau, in her striped blue petticoat, and red jacket, is knitting at the cottage door, with a placid countenance, as if thankful for the blessings which surround her, and sensible of their beauty.

At Meissen we went to see the china manufactory, the castle and church. The interior of the ancient church is very beautiful. After we had remained some time, and admired the old carved seats, we passed through a gloomy, damp crypt, to a small dingy window, which the girl opened, and suddenly disclosed a most lovely view over the Elbe towards Dresden; at the same time a current of the sweet fresh air of morning breathed gently on us, and chased away the death-like vapours around.

The journey to Leipsig was very tedious ; every jolt of the carriage on the rough roads increased my pain ; though I have seldom suffered so much, yet I had fallen asleep a little towards evening, and was awoke by a bright flash of lightning. A storm had been gathering some time before I closed my eyes, but it was now a most splendid sight.

A streak of bright crimson remained on the side of the horizon when the sun had set, against which the dark outline of mountains and trees, with an old ruined tower, were darkly portrayed. Above, and on all sides, a black darkness prevailed, save when interrupted by the occasional flashes of lightning. What a contrast, I thought, to the calm harmonious scene I had beheld illumined by the morning sun ! How like life. Who can tell in the morning that any of the blessings for which he returned thanks to God, shall still be his when the sun has set ?

I can see, from my window here at Leipsig, Luther's house, at the corner of the market-place. If the Germans are attached to old customs,

their attachment to religion is stronger still. I never saw a country, except Ireland, where the people seem so imbued with natural religious feeling ; no wonder that the great Reformer should spring from this land ! Mr. B— told me the other day that in the mines at Fribourg, from whence he was just come, prayers were said, and a chapter in the Bible was read, by each set of miners before they went down into the mine.

The perusal of Herder's *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*, has afforded me to-day great enjoyment. The subject is deeply interesting, and he has treated it in a masterly manner ; his language is at once so graceful and powerful, that one feels raised, as it were, so as to obtain a clearer view of the world and all that it contains. I certainly never read any book of the same kind, where I felt less conscious of " seeing through a glass darkly." Some parts of it remind me of Whewell's interesting *Bridgewater Treatise*.

Herder uses no direct arguments to prove divine agency in all things; but in reading his work you are thoroughly convinced that he sees and feels the hand of God in everything. And few, I think, would be found sufficiently hardened in unbelief to peruse that book without feeling *with* the author.

The music at the table-d'hôte to-day was beautiful. All the best performers from different parts of Germany have now met here for the great annual fair which begins next week. The pieces played were particularly good. It seemed to me the perfection of German music.

I traced in the wild melody a strong resemblance to the national character. Deep, full of feeling, imaginative, and intellectual; yet occasionally a shade of northern barbarism seemed to break out in the sudden startling discords. How different I thought them from the soft, voluptuous, graceful strains of a luxurious people who have attained and *passed* their meridian of civilization. In the music of Italy (of

a country which has been) there is very little of that energy which must create a feeling of power, and inspire strength and vigour. When listening to German music, I feel capable of doing all things. When listening to Italian, alas ! I can only feel regrets, enervating, useless, yet perhaps delightful regrets. It puts me in a delicious frame of mind, but incapacitates me for any vigorous employment.

Wednesday, Nordhausen.—We reached this place about eight last night, and found some difficulty in getting a lodging. A fair going on, and every place full ! However, at the hotel, they had rooms ; so out we got, and three more ridiculous figures I never saw. M—— and I, with half-closed eyes, disordered hair, and crumpled bonnets, while our tumbled shawls and cloaks looked as tired and worn-out with the long day's journey as ourselves ; and W——, with his dripping mackintosh, looked more like a half-dead grey fish, than a Herr Baron. There was a great noise and bustle, numbers of

men arriving, and as they walked up stairs, smoothing their hair, and settling their cravats, with an anxious care, which indicated they were going to appear before some bright eyes. Ladies, too, in sedan chairs, were set down under the large porte-cochère, in dancing attire. "Es giebt ball hier heute?" said W——; "Oh, ja! eight hundred people are already in the ball-room." These words, with the sounds of distant music, reached my ear as I slowly got out of the carriage. We crawled up stairs among the crowd of well-attired people, and by a long passage, to a suite of brilliantly-lighted rooms, where supper was laid. Through these, and all the guests they contained, we passed, and were shown into two bed-rooms which opened upon them. No other way for us and all our uncouth luggage, dripping servants, wet umbrellas, imperials and carpet-bags to pass! I fell quite exhausted on the sofa, and heeded not the number of beaux who continually opened the door, either in mistake, or to take a nearer view of the strange arrivals. A chambermaid came to make the beds; we ejected as usual all the

feather beds and half the pillows, and those unsightly wedges which raise the upper half of the bed to an almost perpendicular position. Off she took the rejected comforts through the supper-rooms, and brought back sheets, jugs of water, and warming-bottles to air the beds ! By-the-bye, I found out, the day before we left Dresden, what large Germans do with their legs, when they go to bed. Mr. B—— called one evening on a gentleman, whose fortune fully corresponded with his person, both being extremely large. The stout gentleman had already retired to rest ; Mr. B——, however, was shown into his room, and found the head and trunk of his friend in bed, while his legs rested on a chair. “ Surely you must sleep very uncomfortably in that position ? ” “ Oh no ! ” said he ; “ I am accustomed to it, I always sleep with my legs on a chair— ” “ But why not get a bed large enough ? ” “ Oh ! ” he replied, “ they have always been made that size, and I should not like to ^{alter} ~~alter~~ an old custom, merely for my convenience.”

Among travellers, remedies for the discomfort

of German beds are as numerous, and alas! as ineffectual, as recipes for sea-sickness; yet every one has their own favorite means of trying to procure a night's rest. Some tie the bed-clothes upon them; but I am too light to try this plan, for as I generally find my *decke* (quilt) on the floor, if I were tied to it I should certainly accompany it in its descent.

Remained at Nordhausen the early part of the day, to try to recover the effect of yesterday's fatigue; the road was horrible. We dined yesterday at a nice clean little inn at Sangerhausen, the Preussische Hof: passed through Eisleben, and saw the curious old house in which Luther was born, and I believe, died. Ugly country till we came near this, and dark day till a heavy shower partially brightened the sky; then a beautiful sunbeam crossed the landscape, and shone upon the ruins of an old castle, perched on the summit of a bright woody mountain, and then illumined, with a sparkling ray, the shower which continued to descend in the valley beneath.

Eight o'clock, Preussische Hof, at Heiligen Stadt.

—Here I am, sitting in a room about thirty feet long, with a beautiful ceiling, carved with white flowers, birds, and animals, on a blue ground. The furniture, looking-glasses, &c., are in excellent taste. I could fancy myself in an old English country-house. To increase the resemblance, there are in the large corridor and wide staircase some old portraits, wonderfully like family pictures we see in all old English houses, in the ugly costume of George II's reign. But the stove destroys the resemblance. I thought stoves would be insupportable, but I am beginning to like them. They certainly warm a room quicker than our fires do, and make no draft. Another advantage is, that they do not burn the face, or make the nose red.

How delightful everything feels and looks when severe pain has taught us the inestimable value of health! The bright moon shines on me through the large deep window, and mingles its placid light with the warm rays of—oh! sad falling off—must I confess what I have just discovered?—a tallow candle! What a tide of poetic feeling

is sometimes arrested by a word—well, so much the better. Poetry of feeling is so nearly allied to melancholy, and melancholy is so often worse than useless, that I should be glad when a train of sad feelings is chased away, even by a tallow candle.

Thursday Morning.—The old houses in this town are very picturesque, though the dark red stone of which they are built, and the carvings of the high gable-ends and window-frames, might give them rather a gloomy appearance, if the morning sun did not shine so bright, and that all the inhabitants seem to be alive and stirring.

Notes scribbled in the Carriage, on the Road to Cassel.

Just passed by a beautiful Gothic church, which stands on a woody height near the town. Descending a steep hill into a wild romantic valley. A strange creature has suddenly appeared on a high rock near the road, with hair of every shade, from dark brown to rusty copper-colour and grey, floating in the wind. It is enveloped in a cloak—but no!—the homely and

human word cloak, cannot be applied to the garment which flutters round that mysterious figure. It seems as if it were inscribed with mystic characters; a long skinny arm emerges from beneath its folds, holding a long sort of wand. Surely this is a witch from the Brocken! It jumps from rock to rock with wonderful agility. An immense herd of cattle appears; the road turns, and witch and cattle are gone. However, in the fields which slope down to the rushing torrent, are other beings, in the shape of haymakers, whose attire is quite as strange. They wear the same dark blue cloak, with a pattern in white figures, or yellow stripes, resembling hieroglyphics. Their heads are better covered than that of my first acquaintance, inasmuch as the hair is confined by a sort of small red skull-cap, from which float long yellow streamers—never did I behold such wild figures. The pattern on their flowing garment recalls to my recollection the mystic characters I saw in an old book which belonged to the *real* Dr. Faust in the library at Dresden. Can they be connected with the superstitions of this strange

part of the country? How I should like to know.

Carriage stopped by a large herd of pigs, which nearly block up the road ; another witch-like figure is endeavouring by wild shrieks, and the application of the wand, to bring the rebellious animals to order. We have moved on, and passed through a pretty village ; and now the beautiful Castle of Hardstein has appeared on our left.

It is situated, like most German castles, on a rocky height, towering above the mountainous forests around. How the owner could ever desert such a romantic spot I cannot imagine, where majestic woods, clear streams, warm valleys, in which the vine and every kind of fruit-tree seem to flourish, all combine to render life delightful. Yet how very seldom do we pass by anything in the shape of a gentleman's country-house or inhabited castle, unless close to a town. The villages are composed entirely of cottages : one rather larger than the rest is seen near the church, surrounded by a garden,—this is probably the pharrer's (parson's) dwelling.

Most of the cottages have an air of comfort, often approaching to refinement : they do not, perhaps, need the presence of the lord of the soil ; yet still I cannot help feeling melancholy, when I think they are so completely deserted by the higher orders. But it is wrong to judge of anything from carriage impressions ; it is impossible to know people's wants or feelings, without coming in closer contact with them. An Englishman, particularly, is apt to be prejudiced, and to miss the cheering appearance of a gentleman's park and those old manor-houses, which in England look like venerable guardians of the poor.

The beautiful villages to-day remind us of those between Fulda and Eisenach. Here are the same carved wooden balconies of the upper story, filled with coloured vases, containing flowers which would be admired in a London drawing-room. Carnations, hydrangias, and geraniums, which in England would bid fair to gain the prize at some horticultural show. Those prizes are useful things, and I always hear of them with pleasure ; but still it is delightful to

think, that here a taste for one of life's most delightful embellishments need not be instilled into the people; that no love of gain or spirit of emulation produces these beautiful flowers. Yet they are by no means indigenous to the soil. They are, indeed, cultivated with the greatest care; but the taste which calls them into being is natural.

We have mounted a steep hill, which commands a magnificent view. In the foreground, a rocky conical hill, surmounted by the Castle of Amstein, rises abruptly from the valley beneath. A range of high mountains, towering one above the other, stretch far away in the distance; their blue summits are lost in the misty horizon. The centre of this splendid picture is illuminated by a single gleam of brilliant sunshine, which shoots across a forest-clad height, and brings out with vivid distinctness the light mellowed hues of the trees, and varied colouring of the rocks. Against this luminous spot the dark outline of the castle stands in bold relief, with its massive walls, pointed towers, and battlements.

Descending into the valley, the castle has dis-

appeared ; but the little town of Witzenhausen, with its picturesque domes, pointed roofs, and long high bridge over the river Werra, has come in sight, and we are passing through pretty vineyards—yes, really pretty, for the dwarfish monotony of the vines is diversified by rows of fruit-trees, bowed gracefully downwards by their load of ripe apples and plums ; and in some places, a sort of hedge is formed by the gourd plant, with its large light-green leaves, and bright yellow fruit. On the other side of the river, beautifully-coloured gardens extend up the slope from the water side, and are surmounted by a high perpendicular wall of dark purple rock.

We have changed horses opposite to a nice looking inn, called the Goldene Krone, at Witzenhausen, on the river Werra, and now we are driving between more of these pretty gardens. Here they have grotesque little summer-houses, perched like oriel windows at the corner of the low wall which separates them from the road. I just see rising amid the vines a beautiful gothic spire of open tracery, something like Queen Eleanor's crosses in England.

On we drive through a winding valley ; the gardens are gone, but the river Werra remains, now rushing impetuously over the dark rocks—now reflecting in calm clearness its mountain banks, with their rich garment of forest-trees, tinged by autumn's playful pencil with a thousand gorgeous hues. Now the valley widens, and the broad river flows between green meadows, enamelled with the lilac-crocus, and other wild flowers.

The witch-like peasants are again tossing hay, or placing it on little wooden frames raised from the ground, which give the hay-cocks here such a mushroom or umbrella-like appearance.

Another turn—the river, fields, and hay-makers are gone ! We have entered the forest: gnarled oaks and majestic beech-trees spread their gigantic branches across the road above our heads, and their roots twine like huge serpents among the soft green moss beneath.

Three jägers have appeared, attired in light green coats. A leathern belt encircles their

waist, on which is fixed a powder-flask. A hunting-horn is slung across their shoulders, and they are armed with long rifles; their beards are red and bushy. A pointed cap of the same sylvan hue as the dress, surmounted by a single feather, is stuck on one side of the head, and completes their picturesque costume. Their appearance is wild and fierce; yet they doffed their feathered caps with an air of respectful civility. Strange, delightful land! where even the wildest people, in the remotest forest, are more forward in testifying their good feeling towards a passing stranger, than are the sons of our soil to their own liege masters.

Another village appears. A group of peasants, carrying those large baskets, which in this part of the country are so often strapped to the shoulders. They are now not only filled, but piled up with some green plant, so high above their heads as to give them the appearance of walking trees. No wonder that the women's figures are so bad, their shoulders so narrow, and their backs so clumsy! What a pity they do not carry these things on their head. I have

always observed a certain degree of grace, even in figures not well formed by nature, in places where the habit of carrying weights on the head is universal.

In this village most of the cottages have inscriptions. The few words I can catch as we drive through, are all of a religious turn. There is no setting forth of the virtues or honors of the possessor ; no record of the skill of the builder ; no name is mentioned but His, who will endure when these structures are levelled with the ground—when this place shall know them no more ! To Him they look for protection, to His care they consign themselves and all their possessions.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival at Cassel—English formality—Visit to Wilhelms-hohe—Pictures at Cassel—Peculiar importance of beauty to a painter's wife—Ruminations on various subjects.

Cassel. Friday, 23rd.—IN a long cold room, at the König von Preussen, overlooking the round, regular, dull König's platz. The rest of our drive yesterday was, I believe, as beautiful as the part I endeavoured to describe, but though I saw, I was too ill to feel its charm.

This morning we went out early. The Augarten is very pretty, but we were disappointed in the Frederic's Platz. Its broad expanse of bare earth looks like a miniature model of a sandy desert. There are, to be sure, a row of

stunted pollarded trees on one side, and in the centre a huge statue, with fat clumsy legs, of the elector Frederic.

It was so cold that we were glad to get home to the comforts of the stove. I like those hard, dismal-looking things better every day. But they would never do in our beloved land of fire-side enjoyment. The English have not by nature sufficient sociability in their dispositions to do without a visible fire. A cheerful blaze is necessary to thaw their innate shyness and reserve, and to form a central point of union. They have nothing of the *dolce far niente* in their composition. They cannot converse comfortably with their hands unemployed. Some excuse must be found for idleness; some reason for being in one part of the room in preference to another. The slightest appearance of formality terrifies them beyond measure, because it reminds them of their own defects. The same principle which makes a burnt child dread the fire, causes them to cling to it as an antidote. All manner of contrivances are employed to break the bug-bear *form*. In summer, ottomans, al-

bums, and windows, supply in some measure the loss of the darling fire, and enable English men and women to try and talk to each other.

At first sight, society abroad often appears formal to English taste, because the houses are not crammed as full as they can hold, and people do not sit in all parts of the room. But foreigners do not feel under any particular restraint because they are sitting in a circle. They all talk away to each other with the greatest ease, and never feel the slightest scruple in traversing the empty space if they wish to converse with any one on the other side. The English are well aware of their own innate formality of disposition, and therefore seek, by outward arrangements, to remedy the defect. But all this will not do; unless they feel at ease, they will never be able to impart that feeling to others.

But to return to the stoves. Another reason why they would never succeed in England, is that John Bull is wonderfully fond of seeing as well as feeling. He would never fancy himself warm unless he saw exactly how the heat was produced. He would fancy he was cheated in

some way, or that a fire that was hid in that manner must be unwholesome. Fortunately, the great prejudice against concealed warmth is partly wearing off; but still many people fancy themselves ill in a house which is warmed by hot water or air. To my mind, concealed warmth is always connected with refinement. The ancient Romans had flues beneath and above their rooms. Surely a wide chimney, though it is a dear venerable old thing, and though, when adorned by old carvings, it produces a thousand delightful ideas of feudal grandeur, is still but a remnant of barbarism.

Monday, 26th.—I have passed few days which afforded so much real outward enjoyment as yesterday. By outward enjoyment, I mean that which is totally unconnected with our affections. When the heart can fortunately remain an idle spectator of the pleasant enjoyment of the senses, or perceptions, when we feel no personal and stirring interest in the scene, it is

then *amusement*, and is most enjoyable. An interesting tragedy is delightful, but it generally touches some tender chord in our own hearts, or recalls some painful recollection in our lives, which destroys all amusement. Music, touching, soul-stirring music, has often the same painful effect, and can seldom be amusing. Poetry the same.

At eleven o'clock we went down to the Angarten, to see the Chur-furst review some regiments there. Everything combined to give brilliancy to the scene. A wide expanse of beautiful velvety turf was allotted to the troops ; this was bounded on two sides by a garden, where terraces, orangeries, flowers, statues and stately trees, were mingled in graceful confusion. Beyond, a splendid amphitheatre of mountains raised their forest-clad and rocky summits in the blue sky ; and on the other side, the upper town of Cassel, with its white palace-domes and hanging gardens, stands out in bold relief from the dark forests of the park, and towering heights of Wilhelmshöhe. Reviews I have seen in abundance, but never one in so splendid a locale

as the Augarten at Cassel. We fortunately found a good place to see the Chur-furst, attended by his staff, gallop down the road from the town. The brilliant uniforms, waving plumes, and streaming banners, had a most imposing effect, as they descended through the acacia-trees, which border the winding road. At the same moment, we saw another descending stream, composed of the humbler population; peasants in every variety of gay attire from the neighbouring villages. These came down a straight steep staircase, and produced at the distance a most strange effect, something like a huge cascade of (if there were such a thing) variegated water. The Chur-furst passed near us into the space where the troops were waiting, and took up his station in the centre of one side; he is rather a handsome young man, with a countenance both interesting and majestic, and a lofty commanding figure.

We moved off to a raised place, immediately behind him, and thus saw the whole proceeding extremely well, and heard each band as they successively came up and played before the

prince. This I shall not describe, because every one has seen or heard what a review is; it lasted about an hour and a half. Whenever I got tired of looking at the troops and their evolutions, I turned and gazed on the interesting groups of peasants, and witnessed their surprise and admiration at all that passed. Some few there were so engrossed by the interest of their own little flirtations, as to be insensible to the amusing scene. Some young mothers held up their children, and enjoyed the pleasure of the scene reflected in the countenances of their delighted little ones.

At one o'clock we returned home to dine at the table d'hôte, and immediately afterwards proceeded in a nice open carriage to the palace at Wilhelmshöhe, where the waters were to play at three o'clock. The drive is through an avenue of tall sycamores, beech and oak, which cast a cool delicious shade over the road, and saved the trouble of holding up a parasol, but did not interfere with the view, which may be seen between the stems of the trees on either side. This drive extends for three miles, I believe, till it reaches the winding road, which conducts through gardens,

forests and pleasure-grounds, first to the Churfurst's palace, and then to the building on the summit of the hill. We drove as far as the highest cascade, which however was not one when we reached it. I was disposed to be rebellious and angry with my usual enemy, the valet-de-place, for making us get out of the carriage, and scramble up a path to look at bare rocks. But as a number of other people were waiting there, and looking as foolish as ourselves, he persuaded me it was all right, and so I found it was ; for the great fun of the water-works at Wilhelmshöhe is to see the beginning. Here we all stood in rows, with upturned eyes and noses, like "rocket-time at Vauxhall," as Hood has given it so funnily in one of his comic annuals. Soon the long-expected water made its appearance, first in dripping streams, and then in a fine rush. No sooner was it in full play, than off went the people, as fast as their legs could carry them, like a flock of geese, to a bridge at some distance. We followed, and then waited in the same manner for the water, till at last, after a long succession of falls, and after

traversing a long aqueduct, the stream is precipitated down a height of 103 feet. This was indeed a beautiful sight; the sheet of water is unbroken in its fall, and being illumined from top to bottom by the sun's rays, formed with its halo of spray, a splendid dazzling veil, through which the shrubs, trees and flowers that grow on the bank behind, have a most lovely effect.

I could hardly tear myself away, and was left to solitary enjoyment, for all the people had gone down to see the last, and most wonderful performance of the element. I am glad I did not immediately follow, for when at last I reached the place, the sight was the more strange and imposing, from scarcely knowing how it was produced.

I saw an enormous star, of what appeared like fire, high in the mid air. It was so dazzling, that I looked on one side to relieve my eyes. But above, around, a brilliant veil of moving light continued to play, composed of rays of prismatic colours; and on it was reflected the shadow of the trees behind. The strange magical appearance of a brilliant

star in the centre was the sun itself, shining through a jet d'eau, which rose to the height of one hundred and ninety feet; and the spray, which a light breeze carried to some distance around, formed a thin liquid curtain or tissue, which catching the shadows of the trees behind, gave them a graceful silvery appearance, lovely and supernatural beyond all idea, and entirely baffles description.

We afterwards drove up to the Octagon. I longed to have some vistas cut in the forest; for it is provoking to know there must be a splendid view, and yet see nothing of it. Some of the trees, however, are beautiful, especially the larches. Perhaps, too, the effect of the magnificent view which burst upon us at the summit, is more striking and grand from our having been so long in the dark forest. I was too tired, and moreover too happy, to mount any higher; but W—, whose ambitious, soaring, propensity never allows him to rest unless the whole world lies like a map beneath his feet, must needs mount the strange octagonal building, which an old Elector erected at an immense expense.

This place, which much resembles a toy of the Tower of Babel I remember playing with in my youth, is surmounted by a huge statue of Hercules. W— mounted, I believe, to its very club, in which there is standing room for nine persons; and the same number of heads are accommodated with a sort of pillories or pigeon-holes, from whence their happy owners may enjoy the view.

We descended by another road, and visited the Castle of Lowenburg. I think it is a very interesting place, though the guide-books seem to have a fashion of disparaging it. The sun had just gone down, and at that hour the interior of the little chapel was extremely beautiful; the lingering twilight cast a faint ray through the Gothic windows of painted glass, and imparted an air of tranquil solemnity to the scene. All was shadowy, indistinct, and perhaps mournful. The sculptured forms of mighty warriors reclining on these tombs, and even our own figures seen in that mellowed light, looked mysterious and unearthly.

Cassel, Friday evening.—Went after dinner to see the picture gallery, and were surprised at finding so good a collection ;—still more so, to be much pleased with any pictures, after having so lately seen those at Dresden. There are many here which would do credit to the best collection in the world, especially some of the Flemish and Dutch school. There are also some lovely Guidos ! A Madonna, in a blue dress, with a light flowing drapery over her head, has an expression of sorrow more touching and real than anything I ever beheld on canvas. This was one of the few pictures which found its way back from Paris. Other splendid pictures, to the number of forty, which should have been restored, were given by Napoleon to Josephine, and were found at Malmaison : these, contrary to all justice, were considered as private property, and were sold by Josephine's heirs to the Emperor of Russia, and now form the most valuable part of the collection at St. Petersburg. Another beautiful Guido, is Cleopatra dying. In the background is the figure of a Moorish slave, with arms clasped across her bosom. The dark copper-colour of

her complexion contrasts well with the marble fairness of the unfortunate queen, and heightens the transparency of her dazzling skin. The finish of this painting is exquisite, if such mechanical words as finish and painting can be applied to what appears real living, or rather dying nature. The bosom seems to heave, as if for the last time, the pale lip still quivers, and the veins in her beautiful forehead look as if they would burst through the clear skin. In the same room are a very fine Madonna of Spagnoletti, a little picture by Paul Veronese, of Belshazzar's feast, and Tobias restoring his father's sight, by A. Caracci.

In another room (which commands one of the most lovely views imaginable) are some good Vandykes, and a fine portrait by Titian of Charles V.; and one by Crayer, of the birth of Christ, and the adoration of the shepherds. The figures in this are interesting and well-painted, but the child looks uncommonly like a young featherless sparrow just fallen out of its nest, and sprawling on the ground. Near this is a beautiful portrait of a Greek, by Rubens.

There are many excellent pictures of his in the gallery, which makes me regret the abuse I have so often bestowed on him. A penitent Magdalene trampling a jewel-box under her feet, is horribly beautiful ; also a large picture of Mars, in the act of being crowned by a fat flabby Goddess of Victory, in pink nudity. He is sitting on the prostrate bodies of Envy and Discord, among a heap of ghastly dead. The colouring is magnificent, and the contrast between the ruddy god (perhaps he looks too much like a jolly yeoman) and the livid hue and diabolical grin of Envy is very striking.

It is certain that a man's happiness in this world principally depends on his wife ; but poor painters are not aware how much of their immortal fame depends on a judicious choice of a better half. Rubens possessed every qualification for a great painter, but all was destroyed by the ugliness of his wives. Was ever wight so unfortunate? Yet three is a lucky number, and it was very hard, out of the three, that one was not fit to sit for any goddess under the sun. The third, however, was the best, and he was

fully aware of her superiority ; for in a picture at Brussels, representing the last judgment, he places his first wife in the infernal regions, the second on her progress thither, while the third seems to have some chance of getting to heaven, if her ponderous pink flesh can ever mount so high.

There is a small picture here of the Flight into Egypt, in which Rubens has fortunately proved faithless to all his wives, and bestowed on the Virgin Mary a form of real loveliness. This little picture is quite a gem, and for its mellowed richness of colouring and holy purity of design, deserves to be placed near Titian's *Christo della Moneta*, to shew that a truly religious idea will sometimes strike even the most sensual and corporeal of painters, and inspire them with sublime feelings of heavenly beauty. It is a night scene faintly illumined by moonlight ; the graceful form of an angel hovers over the Virgin and child, and another conducts the ass on which she is seated, through a stream of water. The ease of her attitude and sublime repose depicted on her countenance indicate a holy

confidence in the guidance of God, even in the midst of darkness and danger.

This collection is particularly rich in Rembrandts. Perhaps one of the finest results of his genius, is Jacob bestowing his dying benediction on Ephraim and Manasseh. There is an expression of inspired solemnity in the Patriarch's countenance, and of innocent delighted wonderment in the beautiful features of the children, which is truly touching. Joseph and his wife are in the background, viewing the scene with trembling delight. There is very little variety of colour in this picture. All is of a rich brown hue, except the bed-covering and part of the woman's dress, which are of a subdued red. Some portraits, one of a young man in black costume, mending a pen ; a bearded warrior in armour ; and a woman with a red velvet hat, said to be Rembrandt's wife, are all perfect. Near this last, are two fine landscapes, which, if not quite so excellent as his figures, evince the wonderful versatility of a genius which could produce such varied subjects.

Most of the Vandykes here, are portraits: one

of the best is that of an English clergyman. Whilst gazing at this picture, I could not avoid wishing the German shoemakers would take pattern from the nice square-toed shoes Vandyke has bestowed on his venerable personages, as we are all suffering from the contrary propensity of the Schwabach shoemakers.

A perplexing number of beautiful Wouvermans baffle choice and description. In short, one visit is not half enough to bestow on this gallery. In spite of my enjoyment I became dreadfully tired, when the old guide, who has been long in Italy, and speaks excellent Italian, proposed to shew us another gallery up stairs. "Oh! dear," I exclaimed, "how very tiresome!" Nevertheless up we went to a long low room, containing indeed some good pictures, particularly a sea-piece by Vandervelde, more Wouvermans, and some charming pictures by Teniers.

The best, perhaps, of this last painter is the interior of a cottage, where a man is in the act of undergoing the useful, but one would have imagined, unpicturesque operation, of corn-cut-

ting. The whole thing, however, is so highly finished, and the colouring so beautiful, that we were not disposed to find any fault. The kneeling attitude of the operator is graceful, and his dress extremely picturesque. The man's foot not only appears alive, but in pain, and one feels quite delighted to think that the instruments, the doctor of and the liquid contents of the little phials near him, will relieve the sufferer. In the back-ground are some figures, one of which (as if to keep the principal figure in countenance,) is undergoing the operation of shaving!

What a strange imagination, or rather want of imagination, Teniers must have had! There is his favourite tobacco-pipe, to which he is as constant as a German of the present day. This said white, highly-finished pipe I discovered in a picture at Rome, of a Holy Family, tucked up very comfortably behind the ear of Saint Joseph!

On leaving the picture gallery we walked through the Augarten to the celebrated marble bath, and saw the foundation of a splendid palace, which probably will never be finished.

After dinner we went to the museum, where there are a few good antiques. Rather a graceful statue of Apollo, with a lyre in one hand, and the other flung over his head. Part of a fine Minerva, with modern feet; the head is both good and antique, but unfortunately does not fit the body, as it belonged to a smaller statue of the same goddess. There are two curious heads set in verde antique, said to have come from Pompeii, probably portraits, as they are extremely ugly.

The number of convicts at work in the streets of Cassel, is a melancholy sight. That they do work there, is perhaps fortunate, both for their morals and their health; but I think it is impossible to see convicts, without a feeling of self-abasement, without the conviction that many of

us perhaps deserve a far heavier punishment than theirs. Many of us have received a good education, and profess to be Christians ; yet we have despised or forgotten the law of our God, and disregarded his commandments. Yet we live in ease and luxury, and no one condemns or abuses us. Those condemned malefactors have, perhaps, never been taught the existence of a God ; much less have they been impressed with the awful necessity of revering his word. They have violated the law of man, not the commandments of God. They have sinned against ordinances established by fellow creatures, erring and naturally as bad as themselves—fellow creatures, which, if these malefactors have been taught anything, it has probably been to despise.

The countenances of some of the men were extremely interesting. Crime seemed not an habitual dweller in their hearts ; they looked miserable from the consciousness of guilt—not hardened from its indulgence. I remarked some, indeed, whose features expressed a truly diabolical malice and hatred of mankind ; others a reck-

less indifference, others a hardened impenitence. All this was painful ; yet I looked on them with much interest, from remembering that it was owing to such a condemned malefactor as one of these, that we have almost the strongest evidence which Scripture contains for the consoling assurance of an immediate transition from the grave to eternal life. It was to such an out-cast from society as one of these convicts, that our Redeemer on the cross addressed those delightful words, “ *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*”

REFLECTIONS NOTED DOWN DURING THE JOURNEY BETWEEN CASSEL AND FRANKFORT.

Those who possess in a great degree a quick imagination, united to a gloomy and apprehensive disposition, seldom appear to be much affected by any real misfortune. This is because they have probably contemplated the evil a thousand times, and lived over it, as it were, again and again.

An extreme thirst for knowledge seldom belongs to a very happy disposition, nor indeed is it conducive to happiness. Those who are satisfied with other things, are also contented with their own attainments. They are happy—why should they wish for more? It is a restless striving after some unattained good, which makes us study much, after our nominal education is finished. How well Goethe has described this in his *Faust* :

“Zum Höchsten Daseyn immer fort zu streben.”

How admirably has he portrayed those feelings and propensities, which lead to all evil if not controlled by religion. It is but a modification of the same sort of restless spirit, which induced our first parents to rebel, which now makes us study the evolutions of the sun and planets, or dive into the hidden secrets of the earth's formation. Vanity and love of applause will sometimes make us do and study much; but our greatest efforts are caused by the restless strivings of spirit which seeks its own gratification. The most amiable and good are those

who sit quietly over their work, or amuse themselves in the little common enjoyments of life, without learning other tongues, or diving into the thoughts of other men, or searching after first causes. What consolation would a restless spirit find in a passage of Herder which I read to-day? Talking of the different degrees of men's intellect over beasts, he says, "Eben weil der Mensch alles lernen muss, &c. . . . So lernt er auch nur durch fallen, gehen; und kömt, oft nur durch Irren zur Wahrheit," &c. It is because man must learn everything, &c. . . . Thus it is by falling he learns to walk; and he often arrives at truth only through error.

People of less extended or less searching intellect, often arrive sooner at a just conclusion, and adhere to it with more tenacity than those whose reasoning powers are great. The former are sooner satisfied, or rather, they are willing to give a blind credit to the maxims of those with whom chance has thrown them. In fact, they submit to see with other eyes, and act upon the ideas of others, and not their own.

These people are not only the most amiable, but often the happiest.

De Lamartine says, a man is worth nothing who has not felt everything—who has not changed many times his thoughts and opinions; but I do not agree with him entirely, for it is a dangerous spirit, unless early and extremely judicious education has curbed, in some measure, the demon thought, or convinced it of the truth, or imbued it with the spirit of its *sole controller*, religion. I sometimes think, on the contrary, that those who change their opinions very often, will never rest.

Few people can be uninterruptedly or even generally happy, without the assistance of reason. There must always be something to reconcile themselves to—something to make the best of.

If a wide-extended range of thought be dangerous, there is no time when it has such full scope for activity as in travelling. Those who are naturally thoughtless, and not much given to reflection, must derive much improvement from it. Travelling expands the mind as much by

the time it affords for reflection, as by the new fields it opens for thought.

To-day I read rather an interesting history of the marriage of the famous William of Nassau (der Verschweigene,) with Anna of Saxony. She was the only child of the Elector Maurice of Saxony, Luther's powerful friend. Poor thing! misfortune seemed to have pursued her; and, as often is the case, crime followed. She died young, alone, and forsaken by both her husband's family and her own; and was buried in the church at Meissen, that beautiful Gothic building I admired so much.

This is one of several short histories in a very amusing Taschenbuch, which comes out every year, edited by Raumer.

I cannot leave Hesse without taking notice of its delightful roads. Except in North Wales, I never saw any so good; they are made of well broken dark basalt, which is brought from some distance. They are often bordered by a well trimmed hedge, and there are occasionally seats carved either in wood or stone, for the accommodation of travellers, placed in a little garden

full of blooming flowers. All this is managed by the government. How pleasant to witness the care it takes for the accommodation and luxury of the passing traveller; and to see that the people are justly sensible of the advantage, and do not (as alas! I fear would be the case in England,) attempt to destroy the seats, pluck up the plants, or pick the flowers!

"How strange this is," said M—. "The Germans are not a mischievous people."

"Fun and mischief always go together," said I. M— burst into a fit of laughing, for my face looked as grave as if I had been stating a mathematical problem. So it is, the Germans have very little fun in their composition; never have I seen such a thing as a caricature in any of their print shops. They possess none of that sort of indescribable propensity which will be sure to make some Englishmen walk on the part of a road destined for equestrians or ride on the foot-path. This same spirit, if carried a little farther, would make him tear up the flowers, and break down the seats, and then rail against the government which has kindly arranged it

all. "Down with the benches," the young urchins would cry; and these same mischievous boys, when arrived at years of discretion, would have called out at the top of their well-fed voices, "Down with the ministers," not from feeling any real grievance, but from the same restless spirit which made them destroy the seats.

The dress of the peasantry in this part of Germany is very picturesque, and we now see them to great advantage. The fruit on those beautiful rows of trees, through which, like a luxurious avenue, we have been driving all the way from Dresden, is now ripe, and groups of peasants of all ages, are busily employed in gathering it. The ground around each tree is so thickly strewn with apples, pears, or plums, that at a little distance it looks like some gorgeous carpet of every hue and pattern. Little straw, portable cottages are erected in different places to afford the peasants shelter from the sun and rain

when employed in drying the fruit. We remarked many pretty girls occupied in stringing the fruit and hanging it in festoons from one tree to the other.

CHAPTER IX.

Old Reminiscences excited by a beautiful Sunset on the
Road to Frankfort—The Jews' Quarter at Frankfort.

Frankfort, October 1st.—BEAUTIFUL country nearly the whole way from Marbourg. The near views like an English park, fine trees, green sward, and clear streams. In the distance, woody mountains, often surmounted by the ruined towers of ancient castles. Day dark and rainy, so that we did not see the sun till it was setting, and then, oh! what a glorious sight! We had just reached the summit of a high range of hills. In the immense plain on our left all was dark, gloomy, and indistinct; we could just

distinguish the high towers of Frankfort. The sky above our heads all around was of the same sombre hue, except one streak of white cold light in the western horizon beyond the Taunus mountains. This streak gradually assumed a warmer tint as the sun sank near to it behind the impenetrable mass of cloud. We watched its beautiful change from bright liquid gold to a pale sapphire hue, till at last it glowed like a line of fire, with such intensity that we looked for relief to the mountains beneath. These soon imbibed the same rosy tinge, which mingling with the dark blue, formed the most lovely purple I ever beheld. In another moment the golden sun pierced through the narrow line and shot its horizontal rays across the dark landscape. But all still remained in purple indistinctness, except the windows of the distant town, which glowed like red sparks of fire.* One by one they went out: the last was on the summit of a high tower—it disappeared too, and

* Or red hot cinders is a still better simile, and which brings to my mind some ridiculous lines in a

all became more dingy and indistinct than before. I turned towards the west; the sun was gone, but its fiery rays still illumined the sky, and shone upwards on the black clouds which had before veiled it from our sight. The entire heavens were like a purple sea with waves of fire. Fainter and fainter grew the fantastic waves, till the whole became blended in one deep violet mass. Then all was dark, and blackness reigned again.

It was a strange sight, and I could not help as I drove along comparing that entire day to the life of some human being—one of those persons who have walked in darkness, without God in the world, through a long life, but to whom in the last dying hour the Creator has graciously

farce, the name of which I now forget, composed by a sentimental cockney :—

“ Bright Phœbus, setting over the plains*
Of Windsor, Datchet, Egham, and Staines,
Shines over all the garret winders,
And makes them shine like red hot cinders.”

* Aside—I would have said *hills*, only it would not rhyme with Staines.

appeared. His dazzling light has shone, and penetrated through the mists of error and unbelief; the warm rays of his love have thawed the frozen heart, and convinced it, even in the eleventh hour, of its own corruption. Hope has been kindled, and the dying sinner has joyfully embraced the glorious salvation held out by the Redeemer. The brilliant sparks of fire I saw in the dark plain, I compared to a slight sudden glimmering of religion in the worldly companions, who witnessed the last hours of their friend; for a short moment they are enabled to see the darkness of their lives. But the redeemed sinner sinks into the grave; his light no longer shines. The remembrance of his last hour gradually fades from the memory of his former companions; the light of Christianity is extinguished in their hearts; one after another they drop into the gloom of sin; and all is dark again.

It was a mournful train of thought; and during the remainder of the journey, I reflected on many of my friends who are now no more, and on their different deaths. One dear old man

died in the manner I have just described, who had lived in the sunshine of worldly prosperity, but—he is gone, and I cannot remember his faults.

Many less estimable characters I met at his house, for it was the réunion of all the wit and talent of the day; men more celebrated for public brilliancy than private worth. After he was gone, I sometimes met his companions. At first I saw their hearts were touched by the words of warning he had uttered with his dying breath. The next year I met two of them with whom I was particularly acquainted; and I well remember, the wild recklessness of their manner shewed that the old man's counsels had been forgotten. One of them had everything which could most conduce to make this life pleasant. Handsome in person, brilliant in conversation, popular in society, beloved by his family. But one ungovernable passion turned this world into a hell; he could no longer endure its tortures. A few days after I met him, surrounded by his family and apparently in excellent spirits, he perished by his own hand!

The other I afterwards saw, apparently the gayest of the gay; he was a beloved son of two old parents, who had been visited by many misfortunes. He too perished by his own hand, and thus filled to the brim their cup of woe. Where are now the souls of these two men?

It is sad to think of those with whom we have laughed and talked, and not be able to solve the important question of "Where are they now?" The awful words of St. Paul came into my mind as I was thinking on my departed acquaintances: "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction."

We went to-day to see the Jude Gasse, (Jews' street.) Few things have produced such an impression on my mind as that strange quarter of the town, and its still more strange inhabitants. In going there, we passed through a wide, clean, and well-paved street, containing those luxurious and comfortable houses which characterize Frank-

fort more than any other German town I have seen ; where the white walls, and green blinds, and gilt balustrades, all look as scrupulously clean as if the painter and gilder had just bestowed on them the last stroke of the brush ; where beautiful flowers always adorn the windows, and a glimpse into the well-kept gardens may be had through the large porte-cochères.

From this cheerful and brilliant quarter of the town, we passed suddenly into a dark, gloomy, narrow street, composed of wooden houses, with projecting stories, and high gable-ends. This sounds like many of the common old towns we see, and yet nothing could be more different. Indeed, it was as if we had been transported into another hemisphere. In the first place, the carved wood was as black as if it had often passed through the fire. Then the houses (if such a comfortable sounding name can be applied to these strange abodes) had no doors. The first floor seemed all open ; and near the large wide gap, which looked a shade darker than the structure above, stood some of those

living and breathing miracles, the true descendants of Israel.

Here, in the common attitudes of every-day life, might be seen that strange people, exemplifying, in their every action, the fulfilment of prophecy. Here they are still a bye-word, a wonder; their sallow complexions, and strangely marked features, exactly accorded with this most original scene; and never was I so much struck by the extreme difference of their appearance from all the rest of mankind; never did I so plainly perceive the peculiarity of that "separate people" so strongly stamped in every feature and in every movement.

All, from the old woman selling apples at a common stall, to the jewelled head of a young beauty leaning out of the window above—from the man in a ragged coat, drawing a wheel-barrow, to the two usurers gravely discussing some money transaction—all seemed to belong to one family. Indeed, the members of few Christian families resemble each other so closely as the Jews do each other. The words, "Come out and be ye separate, and marry not the daughters

of the land," were plainly engraven on the countenances of all. Here, in their own home, they sought not either to disguise their names or appearances, or to imitate the habits of others.

There was something to me inexpressibly awful in thus finding myself among those living witnesses of the truth of our religion, of the fulfilment of prophecy; in seeing over the door of a common eating-house, those same characters in which the commandments were inscribed, by the finger of God, on the tables of stone—in which was written the most ancient history that has been transmitted to us; in hearing from the lips of a dealer and his customer, that language in which the Creator of all things, the great Jehovah, spoke to the father of his people.

In this lugubrious region, where the very smell and the atmosphere seemed different from the rest of the world, old Mrs. Rothschild still lives; she is the mother of that powerful family whose very name expresses riches—who possess palaces in almost all the capitals of Europe, and hold in their hands the destiny

of nations. Yet this ancient dame still resides in a house undistinguished from any of its sombre and dingy companions. It is said the motive which induces her to do so, is a superstitious one, in some way connected with the prosperity of her descendants. Poor woman! it seems rather hard, that when one of her sons possesses in this very town such a residence as might excite the envy of a monarch, she should be doomed by superstition and prejudice to this gloomy abode.

It is probable, however, that the interior of the houses are better—their appearance indicates that it is still the failing or habit of that cautious people to appear wretched and mean. This part of the town is still as it existed in the fifteenth century, and is very well described in Spindler's novel of *Der Jude*.

We afterwards went to visit the New Kirk-Hof, or cemetery, which is about a mile-and-a-half from the town. On our way we had an opportunity of seeing part of the promenade, which, with such advantage to the citizens, has replaced the old fortifications, giving them now

the enjoyment of an agreeable walk, and freeing them from the chance of suffering in case of war—a chance to which a fortified town, situated like Frankfort, must always be liable. The former ditch is now, for the most part, occupied by the vegetable gardens of private individuals; but a thick and almost impenetrable screen divides them from the public walk, and effectually conceals them.

This promenade is well planted, and abounds with flowers; its broad walks are in the best order; and if the grass were kept cut, even an English eye could find no fault.

The new “Kirk-Hof” is a large enclosure surrounded by a high wall, and is well adapted to its purpose; part of it is laid out in walks, and is judiciously planted. The entrance is ornamented with columns; and at the gate stood a bier ready to carry a body to its last resting-place. At the extremity, opposite the entrance, a set of vaults have been constructed; they occupy the entire breadth of the enclosure, and are, I think, fifty-seven in number: this is the most expensive part for interment, the price of

each vault being 1000 florins, about £86. A handsome portico serves to protect from the weather the monuments which may be placed in front of each vault. That at the extremity of the colonnade is the burying-place of the Bethmann family ; on the wall is a fine bas-relief by Thorwaldsen, erected to the memory of a son who died at Rome ; and in front is a detached monument erected to " Fran : Sus : Elis : Bethmann Holway, born in 1763, died in 1831 ;" on it is an alto-relievo by Naunitz, representing the women at the sepulchre. For a burying place in the borders along the side-walls, the price is 200 florins, about £17 ; along these walls, on both sides, are many handsome monuments. The centre, divided by well-kept walks, is also for graves of an inferior description. A melancholy feeling—for this is the last earthly residence of a dear friend—induced us to linger here. Some of the inscriptions are interesting. On a child's grave was this inscription :

" Der Herr hat ihre seele lieb, darum eilet Er mit ihr hinweg aus dem bösen Leben."—" The

Lord loved her soul, therefore hastened to remove it from this wicked life."

On another, that of a new-born infant, were the following lines :

"Kaum geboren, must du scheiden?
Musset Du, die Erde fliehen!
Doch, gelöst ist auch dein Leiden,
Schuldlos darfst Du aufwärts ziehen."

"Tho' scarcely born, must thou depart?
So soon from this bright earth to fly!
But thou escap'st of grief the smart,
And sinless can'st thou soar on high."

Almost every grave is ornamented with flowers and low-growing shrubs; none others are permitted to be planted. The natural soil is a stiff yellow clay; and as only in a few instances earth has been brought, the graves have an undressed appearance, which is increased by the grass being suffered to grow. Sun-flowers are very abundant; and one of the labourers assured me that the plants are regularly watered. To this undressed appearance one enclosure was a

striking exception—it was quite flat; mould had been brought to it, and geraniums, fuschias, roses, &c. were growing in beauty, and carefully attended to. It gave a pleasing impression, in accordance with the inscription on a stone, placed perpendicularly at one extremity. The grave was that of a young girl; her name Sophia Gattinger. She was born 11th July, 1815, and died 26th February, 1836. The inscription was as follows:

“ An meinem grab, stärkt euren Glauben,
Vater, Mutter, Geschwister, die ihr mich beweint.
Der Tod kann mich nicht ganz euch rauben;
Da Gott mich einst euch wieder gieb.
Dank sey euch nochmals dargebracht
Für eure Sorgfalt—gute Nacht.”

Which may be thus translated:

Come to my grave your faith to strengthen,
Dear parents, who my loss deplore.
Death our division cannot lengthen,
Since God will soon your child restore.
For all your care so fond and bright,
Accept my thanks; and now—good night!

As we were coming away, a body was brought for interment. To an Englishman there was something revolting in the careless way in which the business was done. A close cart covered with black, and attended by four men, brought the coffin to the entrance of the cemetery. It was removed from the cart to the bier, which stood at the entrance. One of the men sprinkled some chlorine in the cart, locked the door, and it drove off. The four men then carried the body on the bier, which had bearing-poles attached to it, and some chlorine was also sprinkled on the coffin, which was half-covered with a pall. The grave was already dug—there were four prepared close to each other—and, without any ceremony, the coffin was lowered down, and at once covered. The body was that of a Protestant.

At the table-d'hôte, I saw yesterday a face which reminded me of scenes in early childhood, and recalled the countenances of those who are no more. First, a shadowy, vague re-

collection of Gothic buildings, old painted glass windows, solemn music and tolling bells ; all this became more and more vivid, as I gazed upon the old lady's face ; but I could not put a name to it, or even remember exactly where I had seen her. On inquiring her name after dinner, I found that it sounded familiar to my ears—if it belonged to the person I thought of, I must have been very young when I last saw her, but the vision of Gothic buildings was accounted for. To-day I sat next one of her daughters, and an *éclaircissement* took place. What a strange thing is the association of ideas ! I remembered everything about the place where I had formerly seen her, better than I did herself. Thus the recollections which spring up apparently of their own accord in our hearts, are probably often excited by some cause too vague and slight to be perceived.

CHAPTER IX.

Journey through Mayence to Kaiserslautern—The Heidelberg Student.

Mayence, Friday night.—THIS has been a most delightful day, and it ended in one of the most lovely sunsets imaginable ; but I am afraid to describe it, after the immense long dissertation which the last sunset betrayed me into, particularly as the glorious orb sank this evening behind the same fine range, the Taunus mountains. To-night the splendid scene had the addition of music, the exquisite harmony of a celebrated Austrian band ; it had also the picturesque domes and pinnacles of Mayence, with a foreground of magnificent trees. Above all,

it had the Rhine, the smooth broad surface of that king of rivers, to reflect, and if possible beautify the whole gorgeous colouring. The sympathy between sound and sight appears to me so great, that when I hear music in a lovely scene, colour, shape and sound, are so beautifully blended together, that I know not which produces the delightful sensation.

Kaiserslautern, Sunday evening.—We have spent a very pleasant day at this little out-of-the-way, unsophisticated place. Went to both Catholic and Lutheran churches, and bought a prayer-book of the latter faith, containing some truly Christian prayers and hymns, to which music is set, and in which all the congregation join. Walked nearly all round the town, which is of great antiquity, and is still surrounded by an old wall, and many ruined towers. Some of these, which were more highly ornamented than the rest, my antiquarian imagination immediately concluded were the remains of a magnificent palace which Frederic Barbarossa built here.

Monday.—During a delightful week we spent at Heidelberg, I was told of a strange event, which occurred there about a hundred years ago. It would furnish a good subject for a tragedy; but I have amused myself these last few luxuriously-hot days, by weaving it into the following little tale.

THE HEIDELBERG STUDENT.

. . . . Aus entwölker Höhe
Kann der sundende Donner schlagen.
Darum in deinen fröhlichen Tagen
Fürchte des Unglücks tückische Nähe!

.
Wer besitzt, der lerne verlieren;
Wer im Glück ist, der lerne den Schmerz!

SCHILLER.

IN the Haupt-Strasse of the little town of Lövenstein is a house, distinguished from all its picturesque companions by the superior richness of the old carved wood-work, which adorns the projecting windows and roofs. Travellers often stop to admire the grotesque figures on each side

of the door, and the quaint device over it, which was intended to show that the owner was by profession a clock-maker. The worthy man was a bit of a scholar, and had expended no small labour, and displayed considerable ingenuity, in grouping the various figures of Time with a scythe, Fate with scales, Cupid and Minerva, and a host of other gods and goddesses, whose names and attributes were strangely jumbled together. However, this and many other efforts of his genius, had served to impress the simple inhabitants of Lövenstein with a due veneration for his wisdom ; indeed, he was by some considered as an astrologer, and it was believed, though he adhered to established rule, and brought up his only son to his own trade, that he had discovered the secret of making gold ; since he allowed the beautiful boy to occupy himself with books, musical instruments, painting, and riding on horseback, just as if he were to inherit a barony.

After the old man's death, his widow did not continue the business ; she was never known to receive any money, yet she lived in the same comfort

as formerly ; and for the last three years had sent her son to Heidelberg, an act almost unprecedented, for in those days it was looked upon as an extraordinary circumstance that a tradesman's son should be educated at a university ; but Franz Müller was a wonderful youth, and a poet ; and though scarcely twenty years of age, his name was known, and his compositions read and admired, all over Germany. He was universally acknowledged to be the best scholar at Heidelberg, but he had also the character of being the most profligate ; and he was sure to be the ringleader in all the mad frolics of those wild youths.

In his habits of expence he out-did them all, and by some was even suspected of worse crimes ; for they said it was impossible that the money left by his father could be sufficient for all this extravagance.

During the first year of young Franz's sojourn at Heidelberg, the neighbouring roads were infested with a band of robbers. Travellers had been plundered, and several murders committed ; and once a student's cap had been found near

one of the dead bodies. Many ill-natured people, jealous and envious of Fran's literary success, hinted that he had been seen on that day riding without his cap.

His old mother gloried in his success, and would never listen to the fearful warnings of her friends, who shook their heads, and prophesied that no good would come of all his learning—that a boy who never went to church, nor had ever been heard to pronounce the name of God, would not prove a comfort to his parent in her old age. She knew the students were hated by everybody, and always accused of all manner of crimes.

Yet there was certainly much in her son's conduct to cause uneasiness; his letters and visits had of late been few and hurried: often at her earnest entreaty he promised to come and see her and his betrothed bride, Roschen, a beautiful girl, niece of Frau Müller's, who had always lived in the house, and was loved by the old lady with a fondness equal to that she felt for her son; and she confidently hoped when once he was married, he would leave off his habits of dissipation.

Certainly, if any earthly object could infuse love and goodness into the breast of an erring mortal, it was Roschen: she had nearly completed her sixteenth year, and Franz faithfully promised to visit them on her birth-day.

The aunt and niece had been busily employed all the morning preparing and arranging the house. The sitting-room was adorned with a profusion of fresh flowers, placed in large Dresden vases on the richly-carved ebony shelves of a buffet, which extended along one end of the room, and had been old Müller's *chef d'œuvre*. The large high-backed chairs, embroidered by Roschen, were uncovered, and three of them placed at the supper table.

It was evening, but Franz had not yet arrived. The old lady sat in the large bay-window, which was brilliantly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. She was spinning, but her thoughts seemed otherwise employed; she occasionally looked around at the room and at the supper table with great complacency; but her eyes were most often directed through the open casement along the south end of the Haupt-strasse

towards the Heidelberg Gate, and she sometimes impatiently pushed aside the branches of a rose tree, which partly obstructed her view.

On a low stool at her feet sat Roschen, her head leaning on her hand, her face almost concealed by the light brown ringlets which extended over her snowy shoulders as far as her slender waist, and shone like gold in the yellow rays of sunshine which streamed in through the painted glass window. Their two figures might have furnished an excellent subject for the pencil of Teniers or Mieres.

Frau Müller wore a short dress of damask satin figured with a rich pattern of flowers ; her silvery hair was combed straight back from her high broad forehead, and confined under a close cap of the richest lace ; round her throat was a stiff plaited ruff of the same costly material.

A clock of tortoiseshell, inlaid with silver, stood ticking in the corner, and as it struck eight they both started and looked towards it.

"Alas! my son comes not," said the Frau Müller, in a mournful tone ; "this is now the third time he has broken his word ; but do not

look so sad, sweet Roschen, he can never forget thee—thou wilt be his guardian angel through life ;” and she stroked the light glossy ringlets on the lovely girl’s fair brow, and wiped away the tears which gathered in her soft blue eyes.

“ And yet I fear he no longer loves me,” said Roschen. “ I am not surprised ; for you know, dearest aunt, I am ignorant, and quite unworthy of such a, a—” Here she blushed, as if afraid of commending, or showing how much she loved her cousin.

“ Say on,” exclaimed the old lady, kissing her glowing cheek ; “ don’t be afraid of praising the boy, for he deserves it—aye, though he may neglect his old mother. Has not he the admiration of all Germany to turn his head, and drive us from his thoughts ? But child, do not appear so cold towards him as you did last time ; I am sure he must have thought you altered, though I well know it was because you loved him better than ever ; for I remember my poor Müller, blessed be his soul ! thought I had ceased to care for him, just when I began to feel how deeply I loved.”

A knock at the door was heard, and they both rushed to the casement; but alas! they only saw old Margaret returned from her evening's walk.

They continued to gaze in silence along the street, till they could scarcely distinguish anything. No sound was heard but the clock, whose monotonous ticking seemed to mock their impatience. The sun had set; the shades of night grew deeper and deeper; the stars began to shine in the dark vault of heaven—but Franz Müller came not.

We will now proceed to Heidelberg, where at that moment the object of their love had just mounted his horse, and was galloping off, alas! not on the road to Lövenstein, but in a contrary direction, along the banks of the Neckar, towards the castle of Frauenberg. He proceeded at the same rapid pace for about an hour, regardless of the darkness, or of the rocks against which his steed occasionally stumbled: when suddenly he jumped off his horse, which he tied to a tree, and proceeded on foot up the narrow path along the side of the mountain.

He occasionally stopped and took out his watch, and looked impatiently at the quarter of the heavens where the moon would soon appear. When he had reached the summit he sat down, and taking a note from his bosom, pressed it ardently to his lips. "She loves me," thought he; "oh, joy!—could I ever have expected this? Agata, loveliest, dearest of beings! I scarcely dared to look on thy pure and angelic face: never could I have ventured to express the love, the admiration which absorbs every faculty of my soul. To see thee was bliss, but to beloved!—can it be? Yet why should she wish to see me again? Is this really her writing, or is it a creation of my own heated imagination?"

Again and again he strained his eyes in trying to read the note. At last the tedious moon made its appearance, and he was able to read for the hundredth time these magic words, which had so powerfully excited his feelings:—

"My guardian is arrived, and takes me to-morrow to Vienna. I must see you before we part for ever. He has given orders not to ad-

mit any one into the castle. Come to the south entrance of the garden at ten o'clock this evening.—AGATA.”

Though the word did not occur in this note, there was enough to justify the supposition that he was loved. It was from the Baroness Hohenstein, a beautiful young lady, who had been left in early childhood by her deceased parents under the guardianship of a distant cousin, the Count A——. This man, though much older than the young heiress, was determined to marry her ; and to effect his purpose had never allowed her to enter into society. He had lately purchased the castle of Frauenberg, where he left Agata, under the care of an old governess, as business of importance called him for some months to Vienna.

In obedience to her guardian's commands the young beauty had lived in strict seclusion during his absence. She devoted much of her time to study, painting and music ; and since the departure of the count, she had received some lessons in singing from young Franz, whose

fame in that art, as well as in most others, had reached her ears. The count was by no means an attractive person; he was rather advanced in years, ugly, and ill-tempered; and though his love for Agata was great, and he used every means to win her affection, yet it was evident to every one that she was determined never to marry him.

Since she became acquainted with Franz Müller this resolution was confirmed; yet it was only when her guardian returned to take her away to Vienna, that she discovered how deeply she loved the young singing-master. She felt convinced she should never see him again, and driven to despair at the idea that perhaps she might in Vienna be forced to marry her dreaded guardian, she wrote to Franz, resolving at least to tell him of her fears.

Franz Müller was extremely handsome. His dark hair, after the manner of the students, hung in long curls over his shoulders and pale face. His large, fiery, and piercing black eyes, which often inspired fear and terror, were, when he addressed the baroness, expressive of the deepest

humility and admiration. He had never, indeed, even by a look, ventured to express his love ; and Agata's beauty and attractions were such, that had even Roschen beheld that form so bewitching, or heard the tones of her enchanting voice, she would almost have excused her lover's infidelity.

Again and again kissing the precious note, Franz proceeded to the garden-gate, where he had been directed, and impatiently watched the castle clock, on which the moon shone brightly. At last it struck ten ; he heard a key turning in the door, it opened, and in another instant the trembling Agata appeared. His old mother, Roschen, all were forgotten in that blissful moment ; and Agata no longer remembered the dangers with which she was menaced, her cruel guardian, or the threatened departure. The enchanting conviction that her love was returned filled her with ecstasy. They cared neither for the past or future ; every idea but enjoyment of the present vanished from their minds. The castle-clock struck eleven—twelve ; and still they sat under the shade of a dark cypress tree,

where probably the morning sun would have found them, had they not heard a loud noise within the castle, and seen servants bearing torches, issuing from the entrance-gate. Agata entreated her lover to fly, and disengaging herself from his arms, rushed away through the small southern door. Franz was enabled to escape under shadow of the garden-wall; and without, as he thought, being seen by the servants, safely reached the spot where his horse was tied, and galloped home to Heidelberg.

He had now time to reflect on the dangerous situation in which they were both placed. How was he to gain access to the baroness again?—that she should be his, he was determined—no power should deter him from gaining the object of his adoration. Yet where could he carry her? He now bitterly repented having squandered away all the money he possessed, as it would have facilitated his designs. Could he borrow?—alas, he had never paid those who had before trusted him.

The whole night he paced the room, with hurried steps, deeply pondering and devising

endless plans ; but could fix on none, and he clenched his teeth, and stamped with despair.

Early in the morning, a servant came, and brought up a card, to inform him that a stranger was enquiring for him. Franz looked on the name ; he turned deadly pale, and trembled violently. It was Caspar Moritz. " I thought he was dead ; well, he may perhaps be of use now," muttered Franz. Then endeavouring to subdue his agitation, he ordered him to be admitted.

A man of tall stature, with rather a stoop in his shoulders, and a most disagreeable countenance, made his appearance, and with an air of malicious insolence, threw himself into a chair. " You thought I was dead, I suppose," he said, with a loud laugh that sounded more like mockery than mirth, while his broad mouth grinned ; but the deep-set, small, heavy, grey eyes, remained dull and unmoved under the shade of a pair of bushy red eyebrows.—" Ha ! ha ! I am not dead yet, but on the contrary, since last we met I have inherited a large fortune and a title ; my good uncle, and a kind cousin, both died to make way for me : but I now have occasion for

you ;” then drawing Franz towards him, he muttered something in his ear, which caused him to turn pale and tremble from head to foot. “ Don’t be frightened, boy,” continued Moritz, tapping him upon the shoulder ; “ I don’t forget my old friends, and I can do them a service now if they obey me.—Gold ! gold ! ha ! ha ! ha ! you shall have plenty of it again, boy, and I have no doubt you require it. Nay, it’s no use looking proud and curling your lip, as if you were above the sordid considerations of this life, for this life is all to you who believe in neither a heaven or hell—no, no ; you can’t deceive me, nor can you quite live on poetry, or a song, or even on love—nay, hear me patiently, for you are in my power ; interrupt me not, but listen, and consider my proposal.”

And drawing his chair nearer to Franz, he continued to mutter, in a low tone, but with looks and gestures of command, words which seemed to have a powerful effect upon his hearer’s mind, though his own dull, sullen countenance remained unchanged, except towards the end of a long discourse, when a slight

twinkle of malicious joy flashed for an instant in his grey eye. His large nostrils were dilated, and his lips extended,—while he drew a purse of gold from the folds of his cloak, and threw it on the table. Franz looked at it with a disdainful air, then with closed eyes, and his hands pressed against his high broad forehead, he leant on the table.

There was a dead silence ; Moritz sat gazing on the student's majestic figure, and beautiful features, cast in the divine mould of perfection, as a temple for the best and purest thoughts, a noble creation of the Divinity ; but, alas ! sin, passion—ungovernable, headstrong passion, had sullied this fair form, where now raged the torments, the agony of hell. His face was paler than ever ; the blue veins in his forehead were swelled as if they would start through the white transparent skin ; his lips moved convulsively, but uttered no sound. He scarcely seemed to breathe.

Moritz remained equally still ; he would not by the slightest movement disturb the deep, intense reverie of his companion ; but attentively

watched his countenance, and as if gradually convinced that his designs would be successful, his own fiendish features assumed such a smile as we might imagine on the face of Satan, when he beheld Abel fall under Cain's murderous hand.

He was right ; evil predominated, and it did not require many additional words to persuade Franz to agree to his proposal ; but those few were of startling import. When he thought the student had considered the matter long enough, he again placed his large heavy hands on the youth's shoulder.

"You are only wasting precious moments, which might be better employed, for you must obey ; it is growing late, and we have both much to arrange before the sun goes down. Remember, be courageous and firm ; he must die at one blow—you shall be rewarded by the possession of all you desire—riches, fame, and Agata ; but if you fail, or if you allow him time to utter a word, your life, your character is forfeited—you will be delivered up to punishment for former crimes ; your mother will have

to witness the public execution of her son, and—" he continued, rising from his chair, "and Agata shall die—farewell; we shall meet again." He hurried from the room, and Franz was left alone.

Starting from his chair, his first impulse was to rush after Moritz; but he checked himself, and with clenched teeth and looks of despair, he strided up and down the room with such violence, that the old walls shook, and the pavement almost trembled beneath his feet.

During the whole of that long day he continued in violent agitation; he saw no one, and tasted no food, but watched the decline of the day with as much attention and avidity as if it were the last he should ever see; and when the sun at length sank behind the old castle towers, he fell with his face on the floor, and lay writhing with agony.

When the moon shone bright through the narrow casement, he started up; unlocking a chest, he drew forth a dagger, and concealing it under his cloak, hurried out of the house, and up the steep path leading to the ruins of Heidel-

berg castle, those majestic remains of former splendour, which are the wonder and admiration of every traveller.

There is something so hallowed, so solemn in the sight of ruins by moonlight; something which harmonizes only with our better feelings, that few are so utterly dead in sin as not to feel its purifying influence: the world and all its jarring cares and passions are forgotten; and if even by such a scene our thoughts are not raised to our Maker, they are least drawn towards the friends we love best, and the innocent home of our childhood. We again in memory see the loved mother's face, or hear a father's voice; and if they are dead, we unconsciously think of the place where we may meet them again—we look up to the pure, starry heaven, and remember that no evil passion or unhallowed feeling can be admitted to the abode of those blessed spirits; and if we are not resolved to leave our sinful courses, we at least sigh over our failings, and shed tears to the memory of past innocence, and sinless joys.

Franz was an infidel—he believed neither in a

God or in a future life; yet he was deeply affected by the tranquil solemnity of the scene, and as he passed slowly through the old roofless chapel, and over the graves of the dead, he trod with light and cautious steps, as if afraid of disturbing their eternal sleep.

He thought of his old, his doating mother, of his happy childhood, when he used to listen to his father's warnings, and of his cousin, Roschen, —that beautiful girl, the entire love of whose affectionate heart he was conscious of possessing, whose gentle spirit had always borne with his most violent and surliest mood, and who had often with tears and entreaties, begged a father's pardon for his wild and undutiful conduct. He fancied he saw her meek blue eyes, expressive of forgiveness. Oh! how could he break that heart, which lived, which only beat for him? And Agata, she would indeed be his; but through what an abyss of crime he must first plunge! How could he clasp that form of spotless purity in arms freshly dyed with the blood of a fellow creature?—it was an agonizing thought.

His emotion was so violent he could hardly

stand, but leaned for support against the shaft of a ruined pillar. The fresh night-breeze cooled his burning brow, and the calm moon's silvery light shone through the high Gothic window on his tall dark figure and pale countenance, and made the haggard features look still more wan and deathlike. His finely arched brows were knit together with agony, his lips compressed, and the full large eyes raised towards the brilliant moon, which seemed by its calm purity of light to mock the burning frenzy of his troubled breast. Could he even for a moment have subdued his proud spirit to acknowledge a divine Creator—could he have looked for assistance to a power superior to himself, to his own erring mind, that mind which, with his mortal frame, he believed to be doomed to eternal sleep, like those now lying beneath his feet—could he have bent his knees with humility, or raised his eyes to heaven in prayer, many bitter tears might have been spared, and his fond mother and poor Roschen would not have died of broken hearts. But he endeavoured to stifle the pangs of conscience, to reconcile his mind to

the decrees of fate or necessity, the sole law unbelievers acknowledge, and whose stern mandates ever furnish a plausible excuse for all their crimes.

From this picture of misery we will turn, and proceed to the castle of Frauenberg, where on the preceding evening we left the Baroness hurrying to her apartment, in unspeakable agitation and fear. She was fully convinced that her guardian had discovered everything ; yet all was quiet within the castle, and when, on the following morning, he came to her apartment, she saw no traces of more than common anger on his cold sullen features. He spoke not of the intended departure, and the joyful idea occurred to her mind, that she might perhaps again see Franz. A feeling of hope rekindled in her beating heart. Soon afterwards her tiring-woman presented her with a note, which, she said, a peasant had brought from Heidelberg, and desired that it should be delivered with the greatest secrecy.

Agata hastily tore it open, but her agitation would scarcely allow her to read. It was from

Franz, conjuring her in the most earnest manner, to unite her fate with his, to fly with him from a guardian who was utterly unworthy of her. The whole was full of expressions of the most ardent, most devoted attachment. No argument was left untried, which the deepest love could dictate, to persuade her to accede to his proposal. Everything was arranged; horses and a trusty servant would be at the south garden-door at ten o'clock; they would convey her to the old thurm of Heidelberg castle, where Franz himself would be anxiously waiting with a travelling carriage, to take them on the road to Italy; and he suggested, in order to avoid discovery, that she should disguise her figure as much as possible, by wearing a man's travelling cloak and hat. The letter was signed, "Franz Müller."

She had never seen his writing; yet no suspicion crossed her mind that it could possibly be the hand of another.

When the decisive hour approached, she disguised her figure in the manner Franz had directed, and impatiently counted the moments

and watched the rising moon, the same moon that was at that very instant shining on Franz, as he leaned against the ruined pillar in the chapel.

Agata hurried down the tower stairs, which led from her own apartment to the garden, and without encountering any obstacle, reached the gate, where she found a man and horses waiting. He assisted her to mount, and taking the reins of her horse, jumped on his own, and they galloped with the speed of lightning to Heidelberg castle.

They passed the magnificent remains of the palace, with all its splendid banquetting-rooms, towers, and chapel, lighted by the clear moon, and approached the Thurm, which is at some distance to the south, and entered its dark gloomy precincts, through a ruined arch. Agata saw nothing; the broad brim of a large riding-hat drooped over her eyes, and the fold of her cloak nearly concealed her face; but she heard the horse's hoofs strike with a hollow clang against the pavement, and echo through the vaulted roof.

The next moment she was seized by a rude arm, a dagger struck deep into her heart, and she fell to the ground. "Franz, dearest Franz," she faintly uttered, as by the red light of a torch she saw his beloved features bending over her. His hand still held the fatal dagger, which had been directed against her breast—alas! with too sure an aim; for she gave him one look of unutterable love, and expired.

Franz stood petrified with horror, scarcely believing his senses. Was it a frightful dream, or had he really murdered the adored object of his love?—had his hand plunged a dagger into that heart which beat only for him?—was that the Agata for whose possession he had consented to become a murderer, to fly from his country, his aged mother, and his betrothed bride? Yes, those were indeed her beautiful features, already covered with the livid hue of death. She was snatched from him at the very instant he had felt confident of possessing her. His own hand had done the deed.

He had been basely deceived; both had fallen victims to a well-laid scheme of diabolical

revenge, planned by the Count, on the preceding evening, when he had seen the object of his passionate love with Franz, under the cypress tree ; it was he who had written the letter in Franz's name. Under the appellation of Caspar Moritz, before his accession to the title and estates of his uncle, he had been Franz Müller's friend, or rather evil genius, had led him into vice, and tempted him to commit all sorts of crimes : and now he stood exulting in the success of his plan. In ecstasy he clasped his large hands, whilst the old walls resounded with his ferocious laugh, as he gloated with savage joy on the living and the dead.

After some minutes passed in looking at his two victims, in gazing alternately at the lifeless form of the lovely Agata, and the living but agonized features of Franz, his iron arm wrested the dagger from the student's unresisting hand, and plunged it in his breast. Franz fell on the body of Agata, which he convulsively clasped in his arms, imprinted a fervent kiss on her cold lips, and with his face closely pressed against hers, expired.

What became of their bodies was never known. Strange rumours were afloat in Heidelberg, and many a tale of guilt and horror reached the ears of Frau Müller and poor Roschen. Neither lived long ; but they both had lived lives of innocence and virtue, and though broken-hearted, their deaths were happy. They had nothing to regret in this world, but looked with faith and confidence for happiness in the next. They were laid in the same peaceful grave, in the old churchyard of Lovenstein, where their tomb is still pointed out to the traveller, as well as the old house they inhabited in the Haupt-strasse.

CHAPTER X.

St. Menehould—Journey to La Ferté—Arrival in Paris—
Republican exteriors.

St. Menehould. Wednesday, 12th.—A PRETTY little town in France. Coming from Germany into France puts one in mind of going from England into Ireland; there is the same change from cleanliness to dirt, from comfort to poverty, from industry to idleness. Dunghills before cottages, fowls perched on the tottering broken doors, half-clothed children, and shoals of beggars who surround the carriage, the energetic gestures, and animated countenances of the people, all recal to one's mind "the Green Isle."

In France, like Ireland, poverty seems no bar to happiness. In England, as in Germany, comforts do not make the lower orders cheerful, though I must say they appear more contented in Germany than with us. In industrious countries, the body has too much active employment to allow the mind time to luxuriate. A care-worn look generally accompanies that desire for gain, which produces, indeed, both plenty and comfort, but prevents those acquired luxuries from being enjoyed as much as we should expect, and perhaps a larger share than we suppose of actual happiness falls to the lot of reckless nations, like France and Ireland.

My first impression, on viewing the miserable French villages through which we passed, was melancholy in the extreme. The country, too, had lost those beautiful forests which impart such a venerable grandeur to German scenery. The roads became bad, and the inns dear. But I became accustomed to the *Irishness* of all this; and in the difference between the French and Germans, I began to trace those

features in which the Irish character, amongst the lower orders, is superior to the English. In the same way, here is a better made and a handsomer race of people than in Germany—a nation formed for enjoyment rather than labour. There is here much of the same graceful ease of movement that I observe in Ireland, that luxury of attitude which characterizes a people of southern descent, and a more mental expression of countenance ; their fingers are unemployed, but their heads are at work ; their bodies indolently refuse to labour, but the mind is evidently not idle ; and, indeed, evinces that natural philosophy of feeling, or evenness of temper, which enjoys life in spite of the wretchedness with which it is surrounded, and produces that disregard for privations which would break the spirit of a less buoyant people. I then reflected with what an even hand blessings are bestowed on different nations, and how admirably the characters of most people are adapted to the country in which they dwell ; how well corporeal privations are atoned for by mental enjoyments. But I must retrace my steps a little.

When we left Kaiserslautern on Monday, it was one of those gleamy, shadowy days, when mirthful and melancholy elements are contending for mastery, when tears and smiles seem to chase each other through the clouds as on the cheek of a capricious beauty. The face of the country, too, on which the lights and shadows sported with graceful inconstancy, was lovely and varied. Sometimes the dark pine forests came down close to the road; at others, they receded to the summit of precipitous heights, while trees of a brighter hue and lighter form, were scattered in park-like groups in the green and level foreground.

In several places the landscape assumed a sort of Copley Fielding design and colouring, on a large scale : a craggy blue mountainous horizon, a bright foreground with figures, and a dark line of shadow in the middle distance. A few picturesque trees, standing up boldly against a light yellowish sky, gave character and animation to the entire picture.

At Lahnstell there is an old ruined castle, be-

longing to the Counts of Sicklingen, a name immortalised by Göethe, in his interesting tragedy of Götz von Berlichingen. I endeavoured to sketch it ; but the high wind and quick change of horses prevented its completion. We passed another beautiful ruin before we arrived at Homberg, where we stopped. While dinner was preparing, we strolled up to a very pretty walk which overlooks the town. After dinner we reached Saarbruck, in time to walk about and admire the beautiful view from the bridge before dark. We set off at seven the next morning, and, under the protection of a five-franc piece, passed the French frontier without being searched. Reached Metz about three o'clock—a fine-looking town; but to my great regret, we turned ourback on it, and, by the advice of the Saarbruck innkeeper, pushed forward, in heavy rain, to sleep at Mars-la-Tour : it was dark long before we arrived. The approach to the inn looked very unpromising, and we certainly were not disappointed.

Off again this morning at day-break. Break-

fasted at Verdun—extravagantly dear inn ; the Trois Maures—mem : to be most carefully avoided. We bought some of the *bon-bons* for which the place is famous. The drive afterwards, nearly the whole way, was very pretty.

We are now sitting in a very comfortable room, at the Hotel de Retz at St. Ménéhoulde, with a nice large chimney, containing a blazing crackling fire, after having eaten a well-dressed dinner. One of our dishes was some “pieds-de-cochons à la St. Ménéhoulde,” for which this place is celebrated. What the saint had to do with pigs I cannot find out, though I looked anxiously at the pictures in the little Gothic church, which represent the miracles performed by St. Ménéhoulde, but could find nothing in the shape of a pig. We took a pretty walk up to the ruined ramparts of the old part of the town, and visited a beautiful little Gothic church, which stands on the highest point, and admired the extensive view from its burial-ground.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood has rather an Italian air. The German high-

roofed cottages, mounted on basements of mud or stone, are here replaced by dwellings of a single story, with low projecting roofs, covered with those curved and many-coloured tiles we see in Italy. The pretty sort of honeycomb-pattern casements we remarked in the German villages, are now exchanged for large windows, usually either quite open or unglazed, which do not indeed look so comfortable, but show that a milder climate does not require so much protection from the weather. This gives one a feeling of pleasure; and the dark spaces unbroken by glass or frame-work, form an abrupt contrast to the white walls, and produce a sharpness of outline, and depth of light and shade, highly picturesque.

Epernay, Thursday.—During our journey to-day, we remarked the church at a miserable little village called Notre-Dame de l'Epine, which appeared to be a very perfect specimen of the best period of Gothic architecture. In

driving into Châlons, we caught a glimpse of some beautiful spires of open fret-work, which showed against the dark sky like the most delicate point lace. In one of the streets we passed near a fine Gothic entrance to a church of elaborate workmanship, above which was an open belfry of rich tracery.

Arrived at this very unpromising-looking inn at Epernay, at three o'clock, just in time to secure rooms. After dinner, we sallied forth in spite of rain and dirt, and went to the cathedral. It is a plain modern building, but contains a number of beautifully painted glass windows. These we found were taken from the old church, which stood on the same site, but which was taken down from being out of repair. A French officer whom we met in the aisle, lamented most feelingly the destruction of the ancient edifice, which, he said, had withstood so many sieges.

We afterwards went on, sticking and floundering in the mud through several streets, and talked, as is our wont, to some of the inhabit-

ants. The common French are certainly very agreeable. W—— said something to a man at a barber's shop, and his wife immediately popped out, and commenced talking to us with wonderful ease and good humour ; and when we parted, they both wished us good bye, with all the warmth of old acquaintance. Soon after this, the rain fell so heavily, that we took refuge in a sort of open entrance to an inner court. We had not stood there long, before two military men emerged from an auberge in the court, and commenced talking ; presently came a woman and joined in the conversation. Then, seeing the rain was not likely to cease, she offered us umbrellas, which we gladly accepted, and we walked home, accompanied by a little girl, whom she sent with us to bring back the umbrellas.

La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, Friday.—A beautiful drive to-day. Vines without end, and grape-gathering ; mules, donkeys and horses, were all loaded with panniers full of delicious-looking fruit. The surface of the country too was picturesque,

and varied by forests, orchards, and the winding river Marne. A number of pretty little villages were perched upon steep declivities, or nestled between the vine-clad heights, each with its tapering steeple and Gothic church, and many with an old feudal château or modern gentleman's house. The autumnal tints are now in full perfection. The leaves are of every colour, from dazzling ruby-red to the brightest golden hue. The day was grave; no sun appeared, but the clouds assumed those straight yet graceful lines, which being devoid of colour, resemble the sky of a highly-finished engraving.

We arrived here about three o'clock, and after dinner took a very pretty walk along the banks of the Marne, as far as a campagne of Madame de la Rochefoucault. We are delighted with the place; the whole landscape has an air of repose. This kind of day in autumn is particularly delightful; the colouring of nature is in itself so varied and brilliant, that the scene would be almost too gaudy if illumined by sunshine. These tranquil days seem emblematic of a calm

old age, and appear as if given expressly to promote pleasing meditations.

Saturday, Paris.—Few things have such a depressing effect on the spirits as the arrival in a large bustling town, in which we have been before, but have not learned to love. There is no feeling of novelty to counterbalance the melancholy effect of seeing myriads of human beings who care not for us, and to whom we are utterly unknown. There is no period which presses a feeling of existence, of personal identity, on one's mind, in so disagreeable a manner. The first day at a great town like this, if one arrives early, is a sort of interregnum in our usual pursuits and occupations, which forces one to think of self—what we are, why we are here; then one generally expects letters—and a thousand hopes and fears crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat in expectation of the good or ill news they may contain.

Those whose suffering life has been long, who have more friends in the grave than on earth, who by the loss of loved ones have learned to fear more than to hope, cannot help feeling a painful pang of apprehension on sending to the post.

Ten years have passed since I was last here: the place seems in that time to have grown more like London. Perhaps, indeed, London may have become more like it; for in the drive here I did not see much alteration in the form of streets or houses, only they have grown darker, and look more gloomy, and there are more English shops and English carriages. With all these indications of so much intercourse between the two countries, I was surprised and amused to see on a board in one of the shop-windows, "Hear they spike English!"

We left the nice little hotel de la Ferté sous Jouarre, at a quarter before seven this morning. The drive up the hill out of La Ferté, is extremely beautiful; on the opposite bank of the Marne, are several old country-houses, with

round towers at each corner surmounted by conical roofs, embedded in fine woods. Behind us lay the picturesque town with its two bridges. The valley beyond was concealed by a thick vapour ; but the dark line of hills above it, was distinctly visible, and every tree and building appeared of giant size, magnified and brought near, by the mist which floated like a sea of gold beneath, illuminated as it was by the rising sun. Far away in the horizon, stretched another line of hills, whose graceful forms were mellowed by the distance. On each side of the road is a row of tall poplars, now an interesting tree, from the unusually variegated colours of its leaves.

Thursday, 20th.—We took a very beautiful walk yesterday through the Tuilleries, along the river side, and over the Pont royale. The view from this point each way is charming ; we then returned to the gardens of the Tuilleries, and watched the raising of the obelisk, from Luxor, in the place Louis XVI. Mrs. Trollope is certainly right ; the Tuilleries gardens are de-

lightful; as a promenade it is perhaps unequalled. And then if we are fond of observing character and countenance, here is the place; if we like to see the graceful gambols of children, of tracing the artless dawning of character in their looks and gestures, here is the place; if we wish to find indications of party spirit and political rancour, or like to study the last invention of Herbault or Palmyre to adorn or torture the human form, this garden is still the place.

I was much amused yesterday at the number of black-looking men sitting and standing about, reading the newspapers; their shrivelled forms resembled those of the half-dead autumnal flies which were strewed about them; but to judge by the eager avidity with which they devoured their sous-worth of politics, their minds were by no means in a harmless or quiescent state. The countenances of some looked as if they had been born and nurtured in political dissension, and their hard features seemed cast in the mould of discontent; and the expressions which at times

varied their stern harshness, were not like the indications of common passion, but faint gleamy sparks of the volcano of political violence, which burnt within.

We remarked some extraordinary figures in the gardens. There was one—I believe she was English—who amused us extremely ; an enormous woman, sailing along with her curls projecting far beyond the brim of a huge bonnet, which was well thrown back ; she was accompanied by a little girl with a waist like a wasp. A miserable-looking little dog preceded them, straining every nerve of his poor body and cocked tail, to get away from the string which kept him back ; at a little distance he looked as if he were towing the cumbrous mass of authority which shuffled along after him.

W—— and I hired two newspapers, and sat under the trees, on chairs, to read them. The air was balmy, yet fresh, and had just life enough to waft the delicious perfume of mignonette and autumn flowers towards us.

" This is certainly a pleasant place," I exclaimed ; " where we can obtain amusement, information, and repose, without the risk of being stared at for doing anything odd—all for two sous !" The first thing which arrested my attention in the " Courier," was a review of Simond's Tour in England. He gives a most flaming account of its perfections—the country like one uninterrupted Paradise, the roads never encumbered by the slightest particle of either mud or dust !

Of English comfort he says, " Le comfort, cet oreiller sur lequel on amortit les chocs et l'on berce les douleurs de la vie." The police, the arrangements of every kind, he thinks far superior to those in France. In short, he speaks in high terms of everything, except our Universities.

Tuesday, Rue de Rivoli.—We are just established in a very nice comfortable apartment overlooking the Tuilleries. Now that we have left the narrow rue d'Alger, I feel quite like a different being. The air here is pure and fresh,

and the view lovely at all hours. I am quite humiliated at discovering what an immense effect, aspect, air, and view, have on my actual happiness. Only a few steps from hence, in the rue d'Alger, I was miserable. The darkness of my room quite overshadowed my mind: it seemed as if an impenetrable veil was drawn between me and light. The rue d'Alger is one of those places in which I should have a dread to die.

On arriving at a new residence, I always think whether it is the kind of place I should like to die in. If it be, then I feel quite happy. I value, and seek for happiness here below, chiefly because, when miserable, I cannot realize an expectation of bliss in heaven—

"Ch'a gran speranza uom misero non crede."

By happiness, I mean that inward peace and contentment which it is quite possible to feel in the midst of the greatest apparent misfortune. I like, therefore, to be in a place which most

conduces to this delightful frame of mind, and gives that sunshiny disposition which can contemplate death as the glorious entrance to an eternity of joy.

CHAPTER XI.

Strange adventures of the Duc de P—.—A Picture without eyes—The Morgue and Notre Dame.

MADAME M—, whom we visited to-day, is one of those persons in whose society we cannot pass many minutes without hearing something pleasant or instructive; and besides her own attractions, she has generally those with her who are either celebrated or agreeable. We found at her house the Duc de P—, a very agreeable person; and when he was gone she told us part of his history, which is a curious one.

The Duke served much in Russia—probably

as an emigré. He made an attempt at the head of two hundred men to surprise Napoleon, but failed ; his comrades were taken ; he might have escaped, but would not—a sworn Bourbonist, neither threats nor promises could induce him to ask for liberty : he and his brother thus had a ten-year's imprisonment, during which time he was more than once brought out to be shot.

When the allies approached Paris, the government resolved to destroy the brothers, rather than leave in the hands of the enemy two men, who could give so much information ; they were then confined in a maison-de-santé not far from the barrier d'Enfer : the director, interested for them, said, that if they could escape over the wall of the garden, by means of a heap of rubbish in one corner, he would endeavour to keep in conversation the captain of gensd'armes, who came to remove them ; before the director left the room, the captain of the gensd'armes entered, and told the Duke he must prepare to go.

The Duke was just going to dinner, and said that he hoped for permission to dine first, and asked the captain to give them the pleasure of his company ; at this moment the Duke's brother, ignorant of what had occurred, entered the room : the Duke told him, in Russian, how matters stood, and said that he should leave the table under pretence of preparing for departure, that he should wait behind the door until the other could contrive, under some excuse, to leave the room and join him. The Duke told Madame M— that the most anxious moments of his life, were the five minutes past in waiting for his brother ; he came, and as they were, one without a hat, and the other in slippers, they gained the garden, succeeded in climbing the wall, and escaped. Luckily it was a market-day, and amongst the crowd of country-people they passed the barrier. After many days wandering in the woods, and narrowly escaping being murdered by the Cossacks, they reached the outpost of the allied army, when their knowledge of Russian saved them, and they were

carried off mounted behind two Cossacks to head-quarters.

Spent an interesting morning at Marshal Soult's. His collection of pictures, particularly the Murillos, are very beautiful. Those which pleased us most were the Pool of Bethesda, and St. Peter delivered by the Angel. We heard that this collection was made during the campaign in Spain. It is said that on being asked one day how much his best picture had cost, the marshal answered, "One monk." The meaning of this was, that the picture was given in exchange for an unfortunate monk who had been taken prisoner and condemned to death.

We afterwards went to see Horace Vernet's studio; he was unluckily out, but we saw a beautiful portrait he is painting of the Princess Witzenstein. She is attired in a magnificent dress, and mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, returning from hawking. Her little boy

with a greyhound, is standing on one side, and at a window on the other is a dark Italian nurse holding the Princess's pretty baby in her arms, who seems half frightened, half delighted at the near approach of the fiery charger : the Prince is on horseback in the back ground, and the figures are as large as life.

Two of Vernet's pupils were working on the back-ground of a picture of Napoleon, reviewing the guards in the Place Carousel, ordered by the Emperor of Russia.

In cases round the room were rich Turkish dresses, arms, &c. ; which Vernet has lately brought from the east.

His daughter married De la Roche, another excellent artist, who lives next door, and whose studio we also went to see. We found him at home ; he seems a most interesting man, and his wife beautiful, quite a subject for an angel or Madonna.

Admired a sketch of a bandit picture, which, however, he says he cannot finish without re-visiting Italy.

I believe his finest picture was the execution of Lady Jane Grey, now in the Emperor's palace at St. Petersburg.

I have heard it was painted soon after a dispute had occurred between him and Vernet, as to whether the eyes or mouth was the most expressive feature. De la Roche, to prove that the eyes were the least important, painted this picture, Lady Jane Grey's execution, in which there were, I believe, six or eight figures, without the eyes of any being perceptible. The unfortunate Lady Jane herself had a bandage over hers, one of the attendants was covering her face with her hands, the executioner was looking away. In short, they were all in some touching attitude of sorrow. I have heard the effect of this picture was excellent, and that you might gaze on it a long time without being struck by its peculiarity.

I think the mouth indicates better than any other feature the feelings or passions in which we habitually indulge ; but the eye alone expresses our secret unbidden thoughts or sensa-

tions, the natural character which we often endeavour to suppress. But these expressions are often so evanescent—they give so momentary a flash to illumine our view of that most strange of all things the human mind, that it is no wonder a painter cannot seize them, and that he should look more to the comparatively substantial expressions of the other features.

Met last night at Madame M—'s the famous orator de Berryer; W— was introduced to him, and found him very agreeable. We were told that he never commits any of his speeches to paper, but walks about his room until three or four in the morning thinking.

Monday.—We took a long walk this beautiful morning, to see the cathedral of Notre Dame. How different, and I think far more interesting,

does every thing appear when we are on foot, and not under the surveillance of a valet-de-place. One can have very little idea of a place if we only rattle along the streets in a close carriage, and then see things to the monotonous sound of a guide's voice, who has repeated the same old story so often that he probably ceases to understand his own words.

We went by the side of the river nearly the whole way, and were delighted with the beauty and variety of views which met us at every turn. One sad and disagreeable place, indeed, we passed—the Morgue, and W—— went into it for a moment. There was, as usual, a dead body there. As he entered the melancholy place, one of the attendants said, as if with regret that there should be so little to shew, “There is only one body here to-day.” We heard that a day seldom passes without one—often, alas! many more—drowned people being brought to the Morgue. Suicides are very common; their number is said to arise from the general and constant practice of gambling,

among all ranks of society, for the indulgence of which dangerous passion there are so many facilities in Paris.

W—— soon joined us, quite depressed by the sight of the swollen and livid remains of a fellow-creature—a disgusting spectacle, so degrading to proud humanity.

Full of painful reflections and hopeless speculations as to the probable condition of the immortal soul, which had, in a moment of agony, and perhaps after a life of crime, voluntarily quitted its mortal frame, we entered the beautiful cathedral. Fortunately, a service was performing, and the solemn and heavenly tones of the organ resounded through the lofty aisles, and seemed to bear our perplexed spirits upwards to the realms of peace and holiness. The soothing tranquillity of the majestic edifice, the venerable walls, which have seen so many generations pass away, and have survived all the storms of civil war and infidelity, seemed to whisper a silent lesson of confidence and hope in the goodness of God. I am always moved to prayer by

the sight of Gothic architecture, and a place consecrated to the Creator, so that I cannot stop to consider whether those I see praying around, agree with me on all points of doctrine ; though, indeed, I mingle with my own petitions, a fervent entreaty that the Almighty will enlighten and guide them in the right way.

The effect of Notre Dame, on the outside, with its two gigantic towers of elaborate architecture, and the majestic portals, is finer than the interior. And yet the magnificent rosace windows of the nave and transepts, with their fine old stained glass, are very beautiful. A brilliant sunshine streamed through these, and illumined, with a thousand vivid hues, the statues, ancient monuments, and flowered capitals of the pillars in the nave, here and there catching the white veil of a praying nun, or casting red and purple tints over the tattered dress of an old labourer—imparting to every object a refined and cheerful look.

We ascended one of the towers, and were delighted with the extensive and interesting view

it commands. It was a clear day, and the distant heights of St. Cloud, the beautiful burying ground of Père-la-Chaise, and the venerable towers of the chateau de Vincennes, were distinctly visible.

As we were leaning on the parapet, and gazing from the dizzy height on the little busy pigmies in the place beneath, while the gentle hum of human voices, and a thousand mingled sounds, floated upwards to our ear, the great bell began to toll. How awfully loud and tremendous was the sound! The tower shook fearfully, and we instinctively left our station on the parapet, and taking refuge on the uneven footing of the sloping roof, clung to each other for support.

The French always *mean* to amuse themselves, and therefore when they do not succeed in accomplishing this great object of their lives, they are ennuyés. The English seldom intend to amuse themselves, and therefore they rarely suffer from ennui. Business, or occupation of some

sort, is the object of an Englishman's life. He may be melancholy all the time, and disappointed at last, but he will not suffer from the lesser annoyance of ennui. This is probably the reason that a word of the same meaning is not found in our language.

CHAPTER XII.

The Cluny Palace—An evening walk—Dinners at Restaurants—Effects of early pleasant associations—Inundations—View from the Pantheon.

WE passed to-day some delightful hours at the Hotel Cluny. It was formerly a Roman palace and baths, and on its ruins was built a residence for the early kings of France. In after times it seems to have been the palace of the queen-dowager, and as such, was occupied by our princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII., and widow of Louis XII. Some ruins of the Roman baths are still to be seen in the garden,

and a fine arch and some thick walls form part of the old house.

It stands in a narrow street, in a dirty part of the town ; but its ancient towers, curious gables, and irregular façade, are very picturesque. One of the wings now belongs to M. Somerard, who has formed there a large collection of most interesting antiquities. Strange to say, he has brought from the remote parts of France some of the articles of furniture used by the royal inmates of that very palace.

The old staircase, the lobbies, and numerous apartments, are all crowded with rare and curious specimens. Every window is filled with old painted glass, every wall covered with tapestry, old stamped leather, or elaborately carved wood. The ancient armour, gems, and royal robes, are not only beautiful in themselves, but doubly interesting from having been worn by celebrated characters, in battles on which hung the fate of Europe. In the very room formerly occupied by Francis I. are the spurs and stirrups he used at the battle of Pavia, and

which returned afterwards from Spain. There, too, is his "lit hospitalier," so called, because in those days, sometimes, as a mark of especial favour, a visitor of particular distinction, or a foreign ambassador, was invited to sleep with the king. In this room, among innumerable other interesting objects, is the horoscope book of Diane de Poitiers, and Henry II.; the mourning head-dress of queen Anne de Bretagne, with its attaché to hook up the widow's veil; it is pointed in the front, something in the shape of Mary queen of Scots' caps.

A table covered with an ancient net cloth is laid out with toilette articles of the olden time; also a beautiful distaff, and some curious intaglios, old glass flagons, and rich jewel caskets. Near this table is an ancient chess-board and men, at which are seated two figures, in complete and splendid armour. This is called "la chambre de la Reine Blanche," not, I believe, in memory of a queen of that name, but from its being the sleeping apartment of the dowager-queens, during the first period of their widow-

hood, when they mourned in white veils. It is said that soon after the death of Louis XII., his heir, Francis I., one day surprised the widowed queen Mary of England, in this room, with the lover of her youth, Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and that Francis hurried them into the adjoining chapel to celebrate their marriage, and secure for himself the crown of France.

This chapel remains still in nearly the same state, and is a very graceful specimen of gothic architecture. Its arches spring lightly from the single slight column in the centre. There are in it a profusion of beautiful missals, a richly-carved pulpit, reading-desks, crucifixes, priest's dresses, and other objects of Catholic worship.

At the farther end is a highly decorated little oratory, through which we passed to another ancient bed-room, and then along a passage filled with old carvings, and curious objects, to the dining-room. This, M. Somerard has embellished with infinite taste and judgment. The ceiling is painted in compartments, with figures and inscriptions, analogous to the enjoyments of the table.

Every object in the room partakes of the same character, and is of great antiquity. The large old table in the centre is covered with a most venerable-looking table-cloth, and laid out with curious plates and dishes of Patizzo. Knives and forks, which have been handled by ancient kings, and large silver goblets and cups, which their lips have kissed, are placed in readiness for a feast; and the splendid embroidered and carved chairs, seem to be inviting their former masters to come and make merry.

At one end of this table I remarked a curious old water hour-glass. How often may this have told its brief tale of wisdom to the volatile Francis, and his gay, thoughtless court; perhaps instigating some wayward spirits to the desperate enjoyment of the good things of this life, while others have been warned by its silent admonition to pause in their mad festivities, and prepare for eternity, into which they have all long since passed away.

The buffet of majolica is adorned with beautiful vases; in short there is no end to the curious

and graceful objects which meet the eye at every turn, and excite hosts of historical recollections. M. de Somerard himself is a very pleasing man, overflowing with historic and antiquarian lore, which he communicates in a very charming and cheerful way. It shows no common degree of confidence to leave so many things, the acquisition of which has cost him so much time and labour, to the honesty of such a host of visitors as crowd his rooms.

In the saloon, the most remarkable objects are a magnificent cabinet, an antique virginal, a *pommeau de chaise* of rock chrystal, found with a curious Byzantic ivory figure at Nurmberg. But what pleased me most was a beautiful ebony virginal or harpsichord; of the sixteenth century, inlaid with ivory. Its form is much more graceful than our modern pianofortes, though it somewhat resembles the large square ones made here by Erard, who I think must have taken this for a model. This instrument is a proof of M. de Somerard's research and perseverance. It was nearly six years after the acquisition of

the first pieces of which it is composed, that he succeeded in completing it, having searched for fragments of the same workmanship. Some of these were found in France, and others, I believe, in Holland.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—The date sounds cold, gloomy, and dark, and inspires one with a sort of pinch-nose feel; but this day has been quite the reverse. Ah! what a delightful walk I have had—how should I like to be able to express on paper the blissful sensations which a lovely view and harmonious combinations of colour produced. I wish I could impart the soothing, balmy feeling to others, and so describe them as, in darker moments, to recal them to my own mind.

“Ah! si j'avais des paroles,
Des images, des symboles,
Pour peindre ce que je sens!

" Si ma langue embarrassée,
Pour reveler ma pensée,
Pouvoit créer des accents,"

We first went to a pretty shop in the Rue du Coq St. Honoré. There was every variety of beautiful knicknack, and plenty of ingenious devices for robbing our purses of their contents; but I was not in a humour to be tempted, even by Victor Hugo's or Tamburini's face attached to pen-wipers, or by all the skill, velvet and embroidery, lavished on blotting-books, pens and albums.

We soon left Giroux's shop, traversed the Place du Louvre, and found ourselves on the banks of the Seine, close to the Pont des Arts. What a lovely view! I have often admired it before, but never did I see it to such advantage as this evening. The last slanting rays of the setting sun faintly illumined the high towers of Notre Dame, and tinged the cupolas of the other churches with a golden ray; the lower buildings were of a greyish lilac hue, which blended most harmoniously with the sky beyond.

The broad deep river hurried forward on either side of the island, portraying the colours, and indistinctly reflecting the forms of the antique buildings above.

When we had gazed on this view for some minutes, we turned to the other side of the bridge. There we found a scene more gorgeous, and scarcely less lovely than that we had just quitted. The Pont du Carousel, the graceful columns of the Chambre des Deputés, surmounted, as they now appeared to be, by the golden dome of the Invalides, formed the centre of a picture, which was not illumined, but brought into strong and dark relief, by the departing sun, and its sea of fire beyond.

We returned home through the gardens of the Tuilleries; and here, from our own balcony, we found a scene, which, if possible, surpassed the others in beauty. The sun had gone down just behind the Dome of the Invalides, and left the sky cloudless and fiery along the horizon. A few purple clouds hovered above, whose graceful and ever-changing forms gave rise to

all sorts of pleasant thoughts. In the far distance, the beautiful vista was bounded by the Arche de Triomphe at Neuilly, and this too resembled some fairy palace in the clouds. A faint blue vapour had arisen from the Champs Elysées, which partially concealed the high ground on which the stupendous arch is built.

It is astonishing how many objects are seen during the last hour of evening, which can scarcely be distinguished in the broad glare of day. How I delight in the calm hour of evening!—how completely do all the cares, and regrets, and perplexities of life, vanish before the beautiful sights of that tranquil time! In a clear evening, we can from these windows plainly distinguish a distant convent; first, the ornamental cross at its summit becomes visible; then as the horizon brightens, and nearer objects darken, the entire roof and transparent belfry is seen, and we can even perceive the movement of the bell, though we cannot hear it sound. Lights then begin to twinkle in its Gothic windows; and imagination pictures forth

forms of lovely nuns, listening with pious devotion to the strains of sacred music, and hears the solemn tones of the organ, and the chaunt of choristers echoing through the vaulted aisle.

Then the old palace of the Tuilleries, whose architecture I feel so disposed to quarrel with by day, appears also beautiful when its long range of windows are brilliantly illumined in the evening, and the outline of its high roof, blended into an undistinguished mass with the domes and pinnacles of other buildings behind, which being fortunately higher, are the only objects distinctly visible against the glowing sky. The ponds also in the gardens, which usually appear insignificant and formal, serve as mirrors at twilight, to reflect, like glancing stars, the illumined windows of the palace. Then the leafless trees, which look cold and dismal in the morning, serve to enhance the beauty of the evening scene. They form a beautiful net-work against the sky; and numbers of birds, which were probably frightened away

by the busy hum of man, return to seek shelter amid the branches, after the garden gates are closed for the night.

I have been reading some of Madame de Crèqui's Memoires; by her description, Madame de Pompadour must have been quite hideous:

“Enfin cette amante adorée du plus grand monarque et du plus beau prince de la terre avait toujours l'air souffreteux, la mine afflictive et le propos languissant.” She ends by saying, “On est obligé de convenir qu'elle a toujours été d'une tenue parfaite et d'une reserve exquise. Le bon gout, l'exterieure de modestie, et les airs delicats étaient sa distinction naturelle et veritable; c'est cela qui devait consister son principal attrait.” I often think, that if a plain woman can once succeed in obtaining the affections of a man, her influence over him is more secure and permanent than it would be if she were beauti-

ful. One reason of this may be, that time, if it do not materially impair the countenance of a beauty, must make her apprehensive it will do so. Knowing, therefore, how important beauty is, she will fear to lose her influence if it goes ; this makes her lose self-confidence. She becomes jealous of other beauties ; and jealousy gives an awkward brusquerie to the manner, which is most fatal to fascination.

Madame de Crèqui speaks in raptures of the Marquis de Marigny, the ugly favourite's handsome brother : " Il avait traversé la vie et la faveur avec une sorte d'embarras fier et triste, avec un front si calme et si noble ! avec un sourire de dedain mêlé de pitié pour les adulations dont il entendait accabler sa sœur."

After enumerating his many merits, and how he preserved amid a corrupt court the freshness of his good feelings, and still blushed at sixty, and trembled and turned pale after his sister's death, when the Duke of Etrée's name was mentioned, M. de Crèqui says, very justly, " L'expérience ne refroidit que les ames tièdes, le

malheur ne saurait désecher que les cœurs secs, et j'ai toujours remarqué que la prospérité n'endurcissait que les cœurs durs."

To the good taste of this dear Marquis de Marigny, she says, are to be attributed the principal embellishments of the capital, the plan of the Church of St. Genevieve, and the Barrières de Paris, l'Ecole Militaire, &c. : " Il avait conçu la première pensée de la Place Louis XV., avec l'Etoile des Champs Elysées ; il a fait opérer le plantation des Boulevards, et jusqu'à l'ouverture de ces guichets du Carrousel, qui porte son nom, bienfait modeste et bienfait immense !"

About a fortnight ago we dined at the Café de Paris. I like dining at restaurants sometimes, though I think they must tend to make people very undomestic. It must be so pleasant to those who are unhappy, to get away from their own chairs and tables, which keep up associations. We feel in the public room at a café as if adrift in the wide world ; we belong to nothing, and are beholden to nobody. It gives

a sort of feeling of perfect liberty. No guests need be amused ; there is none of that responsibility which interferes with the pleasure of a dinner at home, nor of that awe which the anxious eye of a host or hostess sometimes inspires at the dinner of an acquaintance.

Then, how great the variety at a restaurant ! Tables of various sizes and shapes are occupied by people of different stations in life, and from many diverse lands, in an unconstrained and natural state. There is the fat epicure, seated at a little solitary round table, who comes on purpose to get a good dinner, and lives to eat. At a little distance is a thin bony politician, who evidently only eats to live ; one hand holds a newspaper, the contents of which his eyes devour with more avidity than the fat gourmand does his savoury vol-au-vent—while he absently picks the dry bone of a cutlet as clean as political anxiety bids fair soon to pick his own bones. From the scanty dinner he is making, I suppose he is giving himself a practical lesson on political economy.

As I looked on them both, I could not help thinking that gourmandise was the more innocent pursuit of the two. The political reformer, for such I set him down to be, was certainly not happy himself; and the vicious expression of his eye, and contracted lines of his narrow forehead, did not indicate that his thoughts were at work for the happiness of others.

At the next table sat a very pretty woman, who was evidently quite happy in knowing that the eyes of a handsome man rested with great pleasure on her. But it would be endless to describe all the amusing and amused groups I saw.

We dined yesterday at the Trois Frères Provençaux, in the Palais Royal—a party of ten very pleasant people. We made a great deal of noise, but all our laughing did not excite much attention from the set of regular gourmands who were dispersed about the room. Independently of our own party, the Frères Provençaux was not near so amusing as le Café de Paris, perhaps because it is considered an excellent place

for eating, and therefore people only come there to get a good dinner.

When we were ready to come home, our carriage had not arrived, so we had to wait for some time in the arcade, and the effect of the Palais Royale lighted up was very fine. One of our party, a jolly, red-faced sea-captain, became sentimental as he gazed on the pale-faced moon, which shone dimly through the clouds.

"How beautiful it looks in that grey fleecy mist," he said, in a tone of real feeling.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed A—; "I think it looks very watery and ugly—it quite makes me shiver."

"And yet I never admire the moon so much as when veiled by a transparent fleecy mist," said the good captain, with a sigh, as he continued to gaze on it.

That sigh of tender unwonted enthusiasm, thought I, must be caused by some pathetic association of childhood. His native country is over the mountains and far awa'!—and that moon probably appears much the same as in the grey

mountain-mists of his own northern land. He thinks it beautiful, and gazes on it with far more pleasure than, *bon vivant* as he is, he felt from the sparkling Champagne, or listening to the lively sallies of the beauty's wit who sat next him at dinner.

There is something particularly interesting to me in seeing people affected by things which recal the days of childhood to their mind. It shews also that the good seed which is then, if ever, sown, is not yet choked by the tares of this rank and rough world; that the spark of good feeling is still alive, and will burn into a bright flame, when God shall see fit to kindle it. As I drove home I reflected on the widely different effects produced by the same objects, owing of course to pleasing or disagreeable associations of ideas in early life.

I have often observed poor P— gaze on the wide flat expanse of Hampshire Downs with a pleased feeling very much akin to admiration; from the same reason—"How I delight in the smell of a marsh," exclaimed M— one evening,

as we walked over a desolate moor, when I was holding a handkerchief to my nose to try and escape it. "Yes," she continued, "and I delight in the sight of that green stagnant water, for it was near such a pond as that my sister and I used to gather bulrushes, and weave them into all sorts of forms during our play hours."

Might not much good be done in education by a greater attention to the importance of association of ideas. Might not darkness be deprived of its terrors, and even bodily suffering or pain be made to produce in after-life some benefit? I only say might it not? At all events the subject is worth consideration, for I think illness depresses the spirits more from the unpleasant recollections it excites than from the actual present suffering.

Saturday.—Inundations—nothing seen, nothing heard of, but inundations; I am quite tired of the subject, though, alas! it is any thing but a

dry one. The river has risen nearly to the top of the parapet-wall, and with it of course all the floating bath-houses and washerwomen's stalls. Stores of wood are washed from the banks, and are floating away towards Normandy. All this is tiresome, as wood and washing were dear enough before, and now of course prices will continue to rise with the river. Our cellar, too, is full of water and coals; blocks of wood and bottles of wine are all swimming about. Mrs. B— and M— drove yesterday in the Champs Elysées towards the river. They were so much engrossed in conversation, as not to perceive they were driving in water. Suddenly their attention was arrested by seeing a boat full of people float close by the carriage door. They became much alarmed, and indeed had reason to be so, for it was with some difficulty the coachman was able to turn about before the carriage floated, so rapidly did the water advance.

This morning we drove to the Pantheon, which is the highest building in Paris, and com-

mands the finest view. The day promised to be very fine ; but when we arrived there, a thick white mist obscured the sun's rays, and we thought it would be useless to mount the 441 steps which lead to the summit of the dome. The man, however, said it would be clear enough when we reached the top. We found he was right. As we stood on the narrow parapet on the summit of the lofty dome, the sun shone brightly on us, and tinged with its golden rays all the high buildings in Paris, and shewed the graceful outlines of the hills around.

A thin mist still hovered over the river and lower parts of the landscape, which prevented our seeing the exact extent of the inundations ; but it seemed like a beautiful veil, and destroyed that maplike formality which generally renders a bird's-eye view far from picturesque. In short, it was all lovely. The air was balmy and fresh, untainted by any of the sickening smells of a metropolis, yet bearing aloft the busy hum of life. All those sounds, so discordant and jarring when near, now, mellowed by distance, and

heard from a height, were delightful. I could have lingered on the giddy spot for hours. The Church of St. Etienne, a beautiful old structure, is on one side ; and near it is the *École Polytechnique* with its antique tower, and Gothic roofs, and old square courts. I was surprised to find that it was such a venerable and feudal-looking building, as I had expected to see that the nursery of revolutionists of *la jeune France* must be a modern-looking, regular, matter-of-fact sort of edifice.

As the mist partially cleared away, I could distinctly see a number of the young men in the ancient courts, some playing, others in the attitude of declamation. What mere specks they appeared !—the tip of my little finger was sufficient to cover the entire court and all its busy inhabitants. Yet to think that all the inmost thoughts of these atoms are known to God, that he directs every movement of their arms, every word they utter, and at his pleasure can make them the instruments of change in one of the most powerful governments of Europe !

Poor Charles X. might not have died in dreary exile, had not some of these atoms been instrumental in forwarding the revolution of July 29th.*

On coming down from the tower we went to take a near view of the gigantic painting in the interior of the dome, which represents four epochs in the history of France. It is by Gros, and covers 3256 square feet. The effect is very good from the body of the church, from whence of course it is intended to be seen, (at the risk of dislocating one's neck or falling backwards on the pavement,) but it appears coarse and ugly from the gallery immediately beneath.

Poor Louis XIV., and Marie Antoinette, and the Dauphin, hovering amid the icy clouds with palm-branches in their hand, look indeed like martyrs, with their red noses and sore eyes.

* Since writing the above, I find that the dear venerable-looking building I thought the guide said was the Ecole Polytechnique, is the hall of Henri IV.—I am glad of this—and that the real Polytechnic School is a comparatively modern building.

The artist was created a Baron by Charles X., when he visited the church. The names of those who fell in the revolution of July are engraven in gold letters on bronze tablets round the piers in the centre of the edifice, but blank spaces are left, which I suppose are reserved to immortalize those who should happen to fall in the next successful effort of revolution.

CHAPTER XIII.

Predilections for old age—The Faubourg St. Germain—
The Oratoire.

Tuesday.—YESTERDAY morning we intended to go and see the ascent of the great balloon, but a fog as thick, though not quite so dark as a London one, prevented us. We afterwards made some agreeable visits. It was M. de F——'s reception-day. The dear old lady, who has twice lent us her Opera box, is one of the ancien regime. My spirits mounted unusually high at finding myself in a venerable stately mansion, whose air of past grandeur

and gloomy magnificence might have depressed those of many people. Kant is quite right in saying that age is sublime. "Eine lange Dauer ist erhaben." M— always laughs at my fondness for old things and old people. She says she has often detected me smiling with pleasure at an old beggar-woman in the street.

I must confess I have a great penchant for age. Old people, when they retain the full enjoyment of their faculties, are certainly more agreeable than young ones. They are less occupied, less influenced by passion; they have felt and suffered, and therefore they know how to spare the feelings of others. They have the tact to avoid the tender point of those to whom they speak. They are thoughtful and considerate, even if they do not intend to be kind. On the other hand, the boisterous mirth of a young lively person, even of the kindest heart, is sure to hit some one of the people they really wish to amuse—to awaken some unpleasant recollection, or call to mind some painful regret. They are pleased, they are happy; how then

can they know that some secret sorrow may prey on the minds of their hearers, which can never accord with their own mirthful words and gay countenances! I think, too, a fastidious and extremely sensitive nature will always feel more happy with an elderly person, who has felt and suffered, than in the society of the young and gay.

In early youth I often shrank from the companionship of children of my own age; their riotous spirits oppressed me sadly, and I often used to take refuge in the sick-room of an adored aunt. In her dear suffering countenance I was sure to find sympathy. Her earnest eyes penetrated every feeling of my heart. I saw that she felt for me, and with me, without a word being uttered. Then she would point to her aching head, (for it often brought on a fit of coughing if she spoke,) and I knew at once her wish. I could read in those large speaking eyes her every thought and feeling; and then I would part the beautiful tresses of her bright brown hair, and comb it, and stroke it with my

little hands, and I felt so happy, for I knew my gentle touch eased the pain she felt. I loved to gaze on that beloved head more than anything in the world. How well I remember everything in her room at K——. The pattern of the sofa on which she reclined, the very books that lay on a little table near the old Indian cabinet, the pictures which hung on the walls—above all, her own dear image, her pale yet lovely features, her thin yet most graceful figure, attired, not dressed, for she was too ill to dress, in snowy muslin, and enveloped in the folds of a rich brown shawl, her delicate transparent hands, and those beautiful feet, which seemed formed not to tread the earth, so light, so frail were they! All this is more vividly present to my mind than if I saw it at this moment; yet how many years have passed since she has been consigned to her last resting-place!

I have wandered far, very far from the Faubourg St. Germain, and the old Marquise. Yet it was this old lady herself who caused me to do so. I found, to my surprise and delight, that she had

not only known, but was, during her residence in England, an intimate friend of my dear aunt. After hearing this, I felt more respect than ever for the ancient apartment, and for every bit of venerable furniture it contained. The high windows looked on a garden, where the trees are clipped in the same form, and the shrubs and flowers all grow in the same straight lines as they probably did in the days of Marie Antoinette; indeed, some of the dark yew-trees, a row of tall limes, and a terraced walk at the upper end, have such a truly aristocratic air, that I am sure Mme. de la Vallière, or some of the court beauties of Louis XIV., must have sauntered beneath their shade. I was so delighted to find that I had a sort of inherited right to the friendship of so charming a specimen of the real old French noblesse, that we remained till the shades of evening concealed the garden from my sight. The pale twilight but dimly illumined the ponderous furniture; but a flickering blaze from the wide chimney shone upon our faces, and caused our shadows to dance amid the old carved flowers of the lofty ceiling.

In early life the old Marquise lived much in London society, and of this she speaks with enthusiasm. Though I was not then born, I have heard those I loved talk so much of the clever and agreeable people of those days, that I feel as if I had known them all. Four years ago, Madame de F— returned to London, and not only found most of her former friends dead, but the whole aspect of society changed. “In fact,” said she, “I think you have now no society in London; all is bustle and anxiety, but I see no enjoyment. One half of the people seem entirely occupied in the arduous labour of getting into what they call the best society; while the other half, who compose that good society, appear to look upon it with a mixture of exclusiveness and contempt.”

Madame de F— introduced me to several men whose countenances and aristocratic air reminded me strongly of Vandyke’s pictures, and whose names brought to my mind many historical recollections. Some of the older ones had been emigrés in England, and were

were acquainted with my uncles. How strange is the fate of these men!—their early youth was passed in exile, from attachment to their rightful sovereign, and now in old age they live apart from the world from the same cause.

In the course of our visit, a young boy entered the room. It was the Marchioness's grandson, who came to recite some verses addressed to his dear "*bonne maman*," on her birth-day. I admired the deep affection which breathed in every word the child uttered. The little fellow seemed fully to enter into the spirit of the words; his eyes beamed with tenderness, and every feature trembled with emotion.

I think family attachments seem much stronger in France than in England. Does this proceed from education being less advanced, or that they have more of that truly domestic feeling, which causes an attachment for people and places to which they belong? Every morning I am struck by seeing the number of mothers who regularly walk with their children in the gardens of the Tuilleries. My windows in London also look

upon Hyde Park ; but there I see nothing but “ a maid accustomed to the care of children,” flirting often with a gay livery-servant, surrounded by the youthful heirs and daughters of some great house. Maids and governesses are there in plenty ; but I have very seldom seen the mothers walking with their children.

In the evening at Lady A——’s I had some conversation with a clever young French naval officer, who had read much. His enthusiasm for English poetry was quite wonderful. I am sure that poetry is more touching in a strange language, or at least in one which we are not accustomed to hear used in the common concerns of life : a foreign tongue is already half a language of poetry.

Tuesday, 27th.—Most pinching weather : thick snow covers the Tuilleries Gardens ; but the sun has just begun to cast its cheering rays on the white world. A bright golden beam also shines across this room on my harp, a vase of

flowers, and a pile of books, which are scattered in great confusion on a marble table. The same vivifying ray catches the corner of a red velvet chair, and runs along the old-fashioned carpet, where it illumines the bright pattern, and draws forth a thousand dazzling hues from the flowers.

Evening.—I had a delightful walk along the Boulevards. The sun shone brightly on the numerous cheerful countenances which are always to be seen in that part of Paris. I like to see a population which seems really to enjoy the present moment; the French certainly do so, and there are pleasures which come within the reach of the lowest and poorest. An old woman warms her hands, and munches chesnuts over one of those cheering braziers, which are to be seen in all parts of the streets. Another, who has not even a centime to spend, is satisfied with the still slighter enjoyment of talking to the more fortunate one, who is regaling on the chesnuts. Their eager gesticulations, yet smiling countenances, show that they are engrossed by

some not unpleasing subject ; their minds are diverted from the cares all mortals must have.

On our return we called on Mrs. K——. She is a nice little person, who with her own family, and the one into which she has married, has lived abroad all her life. How many English I meet here, who have almost given up their country ! I am not surprised that younger brothers, with large families and small incomes, should prefer to live abroad ; but that those should do so who have homes, and sufficient fortune to live in the land of their fathers in old family places, is to me very strange. I cannot imagine how they can have the heart to leave them, even for a short time, particularly at this period of the year, when the presence of the lords of the soil can confer so much happiness on their poor tenants, and cause so much gaiety among their richer neighbours.

We afterwards went to Giroux's shop. It was filled with happy careless-looking people, all intent on the pleasant employment of choosing a multitude of things for presents, to give

to their friends on New Year's Day. I like the old custom of making presents at the commencement of a new year ; it seems as if the thoughts of those who do so, must be more occupied by others than themselves ; and then how pleasant it is to receive anything from those we love ! The merest trifle acquires a value, which time rather increases than diminishes ; even when the thing itself is worn out or faded, we cherish it the more, for the remembrance of the giver is still fresh in our minds.

Friday.—The view from my window looks so lovely this peaceful morning, that I wonder how it is possible ever to feel unhappy, in a world where there are such beautiful trees, sparkling fountains, soft blue skies, and sweet balmy airs ! The breath of early morning on a fine sunny day, is always refreshing ; and so delightful are the feelings produced by it, that whatever may be our cares, they seem to be wafted away, and the troubled dreams which sometimes disturb our night's rest are no more remembered.

It always cheers me to see happiness, even

when I am the least disposed to feel it; for we are apt to imagine, that what we do not ourselves feel, cannot exist. This morning I awoke oppressed and tired, after a night of suffering. On going to the window, my gloomy feelings were dispelled by seeing a ragged boy dancing in the very joy of his heart, round an old woman, probably his grandmother, who was roasting chesnuts.

Nearly a week has elapsed since I opened my diary. This is because I have been really very much amused and happy, and sometimes such a frame of mind is a most uneventful one. Melancholy drives us to do something, to try and find sympathy somewhere, be it only that of a sheet of paper. We like to soil its fairness with our black thoughts, to make it bear a portion of our burden, and serve as a vent for our distress. Besides, when the mind is really joyous, no matter from what cause, we are more on a level

with general society; and though those we meet may not be able in the least to sympathize with our particular joy, yet we feel on good terms with them, and their mirth does not clash painfully with our feelings. In moments of happiness we have no sore place which can be hurt by rude contact with our fellow-creatures, we go about with a sort of healthy confidence.

On Thursday we dined with the M——'s, where there was some good music in the evening. The daughters play beautifully, and are extremely well-educated; yet till they came here two months ago, they had received no instruction from any one except their governess, nor had they ever left their old family place in ——shire.

When I listened to the quiet good sense and natural cleverness of their conversation, I thought of the flippant Miss M—— and Lady ——, who had been educated abroad, tutored by the best masters of the day, but who can do nothing, except dress well. I was confirmed in my aversion to foreign education.

This was a day of great enjoyment, passed almost entirely at the Louvre. I have been there already five or six times, and yet I have but a very unsatisfactory recollection of the pictures. This is chiefly owing to the number of acquaintances we meet there, who are sure to talk about everything in the world, except the pictures which they profess to be viewing. It is astonishing how many people appear to go through a picture-gallery as a sort of necessary task, without feeling the slightest pleasure at the sight of beautiful forms and colouring.

To-day we were more fortunate, for we found only one acquaintance there, and he was really an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, and moreover, has lately met with a sad loss. The expression of deep settled melancholy in his countenance, first arrested my attention ;—a grief, however, which was not so overpowering as to prevent his deriving great enjoyment from the sight of a good picture. He seemed to take refuge in the picture gallery from his misfortunes. The artist's eye glistened with delight,

while the widower's tear seemed ready to start for the loss of his beloved wife. The expression of such contending feelings is always interesting, and with him I examined many of the best pictures.

What are they? Ah! that is a difficult question, and yet I should like to try and record them, for it is pleasant to read in after years the impressions which beautiful objects have produced. But as I said before, I found it less easy to bring away an impression of the pictures at the Louvre, than any gallery I ever beheld. When my eyes wander with delight along the walls, I know I can come again as often as I please, and therefore gaze at leisure. But this leisure has in it much of indolence: I am pleased with what I see, and do not seek to compare, to criticise, or to grasp at any impression. In fact, I enjoy it much more at the moment, though I remember much less about it, than if I was viewing pictures in a gallery to which I had access but seldom. I feel as Victor Hugo says :—

“ Il était dans un de ces momens de jouissance égoïste, exclusive, suprême, ou l'artiste ne voit dans le monde que l'art, et voit le monde dans l'art.”

However, next time I must try and bring away some positive ideas ; for we are destined never to be fully satisfied with our manner of enjoying a thing, however great that enjoyment may be. Indeed, we often feel this when gazing at any beautiful picture or view ; for the more pleasing are the ideas or feelings it produces, the more do we wish to carry away some memorial of it, the more do we experience a grasping, uneasy feeling of regret at having to part from that which causes so much pleasure. Thus even our greatest and most intellectual enjoyments are far from perfect.

Monday, 9th.—Went to see the ascension of the “Ballon Monstre ;” which was certainly managed very badly to-day. Just after the balloon began to ascend, one of the passengers

threw down a quantity of water, which completely drenched poor Sir A. D— and several spectators. When it got a little higher, a large bag of sand was emptied on some luckless wights who were seated on a high wall with upturned noses and gaping mouths. I had not time to look at their distress; for the next moment the car of the balloon struck against the roof of a house with such violence as to knock down part of the parapet wall. In this rencontre the tricolor flag, which before had been proudly brandished in the air, fell to the ground. The poor aéronauts must have been sadly knocked about, for after they got clear up into the air the balloon rocked to and fro as fearfully as a ship in a storm. Among the eight who ascended I remarked Count Z——, a handsome Hungarian. He has one of the most joyous countenances I ever beheld. Near him in the fragile-looking wicker basket or car, was seated a pale, emaciated, melancholy man, with a sharp nose, thin compressed lips, and deep-set restless eyes. That man, thought I, ventures his life to procure excite-

ment powerful enough to distract him from the grief which presses upon him. He is miserable ; yet he would not like to lose his life any more than would the radiant young man at his side. Happiness and misery alike give courage. The exuberance of animal spirits which makes mere existence delightful, also induces happy people who possess it to risk their lives more frequently than others. A constant flow of good spirits prevents that thought or reflection which is necessary to discover danger. The thin melancholy man perceives the danger and welcomes its approach. To the laughing Hungarian all is delightful ; his own feelings are so, and risk or danger are words whose very meaning he does not understand.

Wednesday, 11th.—I read to-day a volume of poetry, by Eliza Mercour, some of which pleased me extremely. I think that much of the melancholy which usually accompanies genius (particularly if it be of a poetic turn,) proceeds from an overweening desire of fame or immortality.

It appears to me that a kind Providence would not implant this extreme anxiety for praise in the hearts of those who could never obtain it. But alas! how capricious and wayward are the golden opinions of mankind; they are often accorded to those who care the least for fame and are the least deserving of it. Eliza Mercour is now only twenty-seven, and already seems to suffer extremely from the insensibility and forgetfulness of her fellow-creatures.

Heard last night some beautiful music, composed by Costa. He stood close to the performers during the whole time, looking as if he was going to be hanged. Poor man! I really felt for him, though his composition was highly applauded. Others were satisfied with the music, but it is very probable he was not. I believe that even the happiest efforts of genius seldom afford much real satisfaction. A composition does not come quite up to the original intention of the composer. It is when finished less beautiful than the idea which first dawned in the

author's mind. There are indeed some happy beings who seem able to execute better than they can conceive, and talk or write better than they can think. I call them happy, because, though their ideas may never be very original, they are not doomed to the bitter discovery of finding they cannot express them—of being disgusted with their own efforts.

Sunday, 15th.—Just returned from l'Oratoire. A bright clear frosty morning tempted me to walk to the French Protestant church, where I heard an excellent sermon on death. The text was 2nd Kings, chap. xx. v. 1. "Set your house in order, for ye shall surely die."

It is a long time since I have been in a church where there is anything like a poor congregation. Poor, I mean, in the usual sense of the word—without wealth ; though I really believe the rich in this world's good, are often the poorest in spirit. There is nothing which gives me so much pleasure, as the sight of old, infirm, ragged, miserable-looking wretches, when they appear

sincerely touched at hearing the word of God.

To-day I remarked many poor creatures who seemed really to listen to the clergyman's words, as if convinced he was pointing out to them the way of salvation. I saw many an eye dimmed by age or care, gazing on him with eager anxiety, which showed they expected to be directed towards the road which leads to eternal happiness.

An old woman particularly arrested my attention; her thin features, pale as death, her trembling limbs and palsied head, showed that she was drawing near her eternal rest: the weary and ill-clad form seemed already half dead—but oh, what life was in her eye! with what joy did she listen to the words of peace, to the glorious promises of salvation, of happiness—with what cheerful calmness did she hear these words, “*Bien sure tu mourras.*”

“ Mark that female face,
The faded picture of its former self;
Yet standing with a look of mild content,
Till beckoned by some kindly hand to sit.

She had seen better days :—there was a time
Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give
To those who were in want ; but now old age
And lingering disease have made her helpless.
Yet is she happy, aye, and she is wise,
(Philosophers may sneer, and pedants frown,)
Although her Bible be her only book ;
And she is rich, although her only wealth
Be recollection of a well-spent life—
Be recollection of the life to come.”

Not far from this old woman sat a richly attired lady of about the same age, though the rouge which covered her cheeks, and the borrowed locks that overshadowed her brow, showed that she wished others to think she was young. But she could not think so herself ;—no, I saw by the expression of fear and anxiety on her shrivelled features, she felt that old age was come—that in spite of all her riches and comforts, death was near. To her, alas ! the prospect was most unwelcome, and she turned with a shudder from the priest. Poor woman !—God grant she may not be one of those whose ears are stopped, that they may not hear the word

of salvation, or who, having enjoyed the good things of this life, are in the next destined to everlasting torture.

Not far from these two I observed a beautiful child, whose rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and careless air of buoyant happiness, formed a strange contrast to the aged women. Yet its little ears, though covered with radiant tresses of silken hair, must have heard the awful words, and perhaps even before the others, its young head may be laid in the cold grave. Happy child—"for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." I felt inclined to pray that such might be its fate, when I looked at the rich old woman near, and remembered that the child's soft downy cheeks would become hollow, the ruby lips thin and compressed, and worst of all, those soft beaming eyes, which seemed formed but to love, might in time express that fearful look of horror at the approach of death, that consciousness of an ill-spent life, and terror of a judgment to come, which render the last days of that painted dame so miserable.

CHAPTER XIV.

Reflections in Lent—Imaginary Ills—Recollections excited by the perfume of Flowers; Jasmine, or Unhappiness in Prosperity.

AMONG the festivals of our church which commemorate the different events in the history of our Lord, few call forth so much reflection as the season of Lent. Unlike the others, it does not record the events of one day, but of that long period when for our sakes "Jesus was led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."

In that desolate place did our Lord fast forty days and forty nights; yet surely, if any human being could dispense with fasting and prayer, that Being must have been our gracious Me-

diator, who knew no sin, who was by nature perfect. Yet did he condescend for our salvation to be tempted as we are. He became man—his heavenly spirit was enshrined in a body like ours—susceptible of the same pain and pleasure which we feel, subject to the same appetites—he suffered from hunger and thirst, yet he fasted forty days and forty nights !

How would our proud spirits rebel, if for one single day we were condemned to such abstinence ! Alas ! how totally unlike are we in everything to his blessed image ! Do we even consider—do we as we sit down day after day to our plentiful meals, turn one thought towards Him, who at this very season was in the wilderness alone, far away from all the friends whom, according to his human nature, he loved, the cold ground for his pillow, and prayer his sole employment ?

All this was done for us sinful mortals, who are not only forgetful of Him, but who do not even consider our own sins. We seem to live on in the same indifferent state at all times and seasons, without either calling to mind our own grievous transgressions, or seeking in any man-

ner to do good to our fellow-creatures. Yet this latter employment would be most pleasing to our Saviour, our best friend ; and at this time, when for us he suffered so much, we should seriously endeavour to do all the good we can. This would be the most effectual balm to those spirits which are deeply wounded by the remembrance of their many sins, and impart new energy to minds which the conviction of error has caused to despair and droop.

God loves not indolence—no, not even when that indolence is caused by a broken and contrite heart: we may mourn over our sins, but we become selfish, and therefore uncharitable, if we allow ourselves to be overwhelmed by their blackness, and our faculties to be paralysed by their contemplation. This is plain from what He says in the fifth and sixth verses of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah : “ Is it such a fast that I have chosen ? a day for a man to afflict his soul ? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him ? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord ? *Is not this the fast* that I have

chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free; and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

God loves a cheerful giver; and above all things he loves a charitable temper. If, by some strange intervention of Providence, we have passed through life without committing any great or heinous sins, our comparative innocence will avail nothing without charity. Oh! that we may consider well what the true spirit of charity is, and ponder over those beautiful verses in the 13th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, and then none would be helplessly cast down, or proud of having resisted temptations to evil, or of having given away a great part of their goods to the poor. Let us earnestly pray, that we may at all times feel and understand the true spirit of that divine virtue, which "covereth a multitude of sins."

The two following verses from Isaiah seem to be peculiarly applicable to our reflections in Lent:

“Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.”—“Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow.”

How much consolation may be gathered from those two beautiful verses! How many hours there are when we seem indeed to walk in utter darkness—when no ray enlightens ^{us}, either from within our mind, or from external objects? Would that at those wretched moments we could feel conscious of having obeyed His word, of having feared Him in the days of thoughtless happiness or wild gaiety; then indeed, we should be able to trust in Him, and firmly stay upon our God. But I fear it is far otherwise: we have kindled a fire of our own—we have delighted rather to bask in its deceitful rays,

than to seek for that blessed light which shines from above ; and then when the breath of misfortune, loss of health or friends, extinguish those sparks which we had delighted to kindle, we are left in black and dreary darkness, and lie down in sorrow. We all know this—we are convinced of the unsatisfactory nature of those joys for which we take so much pains. We are often left in the world with the same feeling we experience in a desolate ball-room, from which the music and the gay throng have departed, and in which the lights are gone out.

We have, perhaps, been disappointed in some dear friend, whose fancied perfections we had with fond idolatry adored ; or those who had ministered to our enjoyment have been changed or cold, and we no longer find pleasure in their society. All these lights of our life have become gradually extinguished ; yet we do not grow wiser : instead of trusting solely to God, and seeking for his immortal light, we still continue to look to earth, and seek for worldly pleasures with as much ardour as if we had never experienced a single disappointment.

We should not, however, allow ourselves to become indolent, or suffer our capacities for enjoyment to become blunted by disuse ; we all possess them, though God has given them to some in a far higher degree than to others : our powers of happiness should be kept employed as well as any others ; and, I think, we are answerable for all the desponding moments we pass in useless misery and regret.

Whilst writing the above, I received intelligence of the death of a very dear and old friend. Another of my lights is extinguished—that dear good man ! How many happy days of early childhood and youth does his image recal ! How many kind remonstrances has he addressed to me, when with thoughtless or boisterous mirth, I was neglecting to improve my mind. He lived far away, and I might never have seen him again, therefore his death can scarcely be called a loss ; yet, the painful conviction that I can never see him again, causes many bitter tears, and I feel miserable. But this is wrong, and I have endeavoured to stop the current of sorrow.

Another fondly-loved being is gone to that place where I must shortly follow. Oh! why should I still cling to this world, from whence so many dear friends have already been removed? Why does not every fresh departure make me strive more earnestly to enter in at "the strait gate," through which I trust they have passed, to turn my erring feet from "the broad road which leadeth to destruction!" Instead of weeping, I should pray; instead of complaining, I should endeavour to rejoice.

"And can my heart aspire so high
To say, "my Father God!"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

I would submit to all thy will,
For Thou art good and wise.
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

'My Father,'—Ah! permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart
In my Redeemer's name."

Sunday.—Imaginary ills are as difficult to bear as those which are real, and who indeed can draw the line which separates real from imaginary misfortune? Most of our cares, are, to say the least, exaggerated by fancy; but if we suffer, no matter from what cause, that suffering is real, and deserves the pity and assistance of our fellow creatures.

"Insomuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

How encouraging, and yet how awful are these words! Not a day passes without our having the power to do some kindness to our fellow-creatures. Do we exercise that power? Though we may give to the really poor and visit the fatherless, yet are we kind to those who depend upon us for their happiness? Do we not often hurt the feelings of those who put perhaps too high a value on our notice or esteem? Do we

bear with their absurd or ridiculous infirmities, and submit with cheerfulness to be interrupted in our favourite pursuits, or disturbed in our meditations? Yet these are the sacrifices, these are the acts of charity and kindness, that the rich and highly-bred are called upon to make.

There is comparatively but little sacrifice, and therefore little to merit praise, in relieving the bodily wants of those who may be deserving of our assistance. To visit the cottages of the poor, and endeavour to supply their wants, must be gratifying to all. The very act is its own reward; there is a pleasure in debarring ourselves of many luxuries and comforts, if we think that by so doing many poor families may be relieved. Our self-esteem, as well as our kinder feelings, are thus gratified; this too has its reward. But alas! how many there are who stop here, and do not exercise the spirit of charity in their daily intercourse with the world, who do not thus endeavour to imitate our Lord.

To do this, we must above all bear with the infirmities of those with whom we associate;

and “by patient continuance in well-doing,” shew them the light of true Christianity, remembering that it is not always real bodily infirmities which stand most in need of our assistance. The fancied wants of a desponding mind—the restless desires of a sickly and ill-regulated disposition, deserve our indulgence, and claim our pity and assistance. Yet to such we are often particularly harsh; and many who would take a long walk to visit the disgusting abode of poverty and distress, cannot bear with Christian charity and patience the trial of a long morning visit from a conceited or vulgar neighbour. Might not such a want of charity often hurt the feelings of those, who with all their apparent vulgarity or folly may be the chosen children of God?—and thus we may unconsciously incur the dreadful sentence,—

“Inasmuch as ye have done it not unto one of these, ye have not done it unto me.”—“Go ye into everlasting punishment.”

Make the case your own, and see if fancied necessities are not as craving as real wants? Would you not be more obliged to those who

would bear with and assist your endeavours to obtain some fancied good, than if, in bodily distress, they had ministered to your necessities? Is there no point on which you are perhaps foolishly susceptible? No ambitious dream which some of your fellow-creatures could forward? And would you not hope that the person who sympathised with your feelings, and assisted you in the attainment of your dearest wishes, would be rewarded in the next world for thus making you happy? Let us then forgive and bear with the infirmities of others, as we hope to be forgiven of God.

“But,” you will answer, “the cases are not similar,—mine are nobler aims; surely you cannot compare the things I strive to attain, with the foolish wishes of Mrs. Perkins and her two conceited daughters, who come to engross my time at the most inconvenient seasons, and solicit my assistance to get them into society.”

Yes, in the eye of God I fear there is but little difference. All *passionate longings* for anything in this world are foolish, if not sinful; and the graceful-minded poet who longs for

fame, is actuated by the same feelings which make low-born *parvenus* strive to force themselves into the society of those above them. This may be a mortifying discovery, but I am sure if we examine our own feelings, we shall find it the case.

“Fondness of fame is avarice of air,
I grant. The man is vain who writes for praise ;
Praise, no man e'er deserved, who sought no more.”

Mary L—— says she has lately been so impressed with the sinfulness of her inordinate thirst for fame, that she has felt several times an inclination to burn all she has written, and never take up a pen again. But in calmer moments, she saw the folly of this opinion, and in a letter I lately received from her, she expresses herself thus—

“Byron says, ‘it is easier to be abstemious than to be moderate ;’ and thus it may sometimes be easier not to write at all, than to moderate our wishes for applause, when we do write; but I shall not be influenced by this feel-

ing. No—I will write on, praying that not a word may be penned that is not to the glory of God, and if no one admires, no one praises, still I will exclaim with Reboul,—

“ ‘ Avant que de ma vie apparaisse le terme,
Que je puisse épancher l'hymne que je renferme !

.

Le rossignol caché sous la feuille épaisse,
Avant de dérouler sa voix enchanteresse,
S'informe-t-il s'il est dans le lointain des champs
Quelque oreille attentive à recueillir ses chants ?
Non, il jette au désert, à la nuit, au silence,
Tout ce qu'il a reçu de suave cadence.
Si la nuit, le desert, le silence sont sourds,
Celui qui l'a crée, l'écouterà toujours.' ”

JASMINE, OR UNHAPPINESS IN PROSPERITY.

In my recollections excited by the smell of wall-flower, I described a character in which principles of true religion produced almost permanent happiness, even through a life of misfortune.* The smell of jasmine excites in me recollections of so totally different a character,

* See Vol. 1. page 35.

that I think they may be interesting from their strong contrast with the other, shewing the possibility of being miserable, though possessing the means of every earthly happiness.

Julia D— was beautiful and a rich heiress. As the only child of doting parents, she had been accustomed from earliest youth to have every wish gratified, yet her temper had not been spoilt. Mr. and Mrs. D— were very sensible people in worldly matters, and always put me in mind of that text, “The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.” They knew extremely well that a spoilt or wayward disposition does not conduce to happiness; and therefore in their very judicious management of their child, they took care to educate her temper. Her mind, her talents, were cultivated and improved by the best masters, and at seventeen she excited the admiration or envy of a large circle of acquaintance. And what was still more gratifying, Julia’s numerous fascinations were felt and acknowledged by the very person her friends would have chosen—the man, who even in her early youth

had won her affections. And he might have applied to her those lines of William Spencer :

“ My dawning fancy hailed her beauty's dawn,
My youthful lyre first woke her infant taste,
And by her earliest smiles, my earliest song was graced.”

Sir Charles M— was in every way (except one) fully worthy of her ; and thus, the rarest of all destinies, a first and mutual love, sanctioned and approved by every consideration, seemed to hold forth the promise of happiness for life.

But Julia never was, never had been quite happy. No, not even when, surrounded by rejoicing friends, she plighted her faith to the man she loved ; for doubts on an all-important subject crossed her mind and marred her happiness—she doubted the truth of the religion she professed ! And I believe when unhappiness is felt in the midst of prosperity it may frequently be traced to a similar source ; it will be found to arise from a doubt either as to the truth of our religion, or an apprehension that our manner of life may not be such as to ensure our eternal happiness.

Julia's husband did not doubt, but this was

because he did not think. He was satisfied with his lot ; blessed, as he thought himself, with such a companion, he saw no end to happiness ; and if the death of an acquaintance forced gloomy thoughts for an instant across his mind, they were soon chased away. Julia had read much, and after her marriage she perused many works on religion, but she never breathed a word on the subject of the only cause of her unhappiness to Sir Charles ; for she saw that he was perfectly happy, and, judging of his character by her own, she imagined he could not be so unless he believed in Christianity—unless he felt sure that the bliss he enjoyed in this world would be eternal. She had yet to learn that there are some dispositions so near perfection that they seem scarcely to need the aid or curb of religion—who find happiness in their own pure and generous affections. Such sunny characters as these, if not united with a deeply thinking mind, may pass through a great portion of their lives without a misgiving thought, and even perhaps enjoy a happy death—they are confiding, loving mortals, who hope without knowing it, and un-

consciously trust in a power of which they think not. Their feeling is quite the contrary to that which excited the exclamation, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," for they rely on and believe in, they know not what.

Julia was not aware that her husband's mind was much inferior to her own in power and reflection, for his disposition was by nature better than hers. Those good actions which with her were sometimes the result of self-denial and reflection, would come spontaneously from his heart. But we may live even intimately with persons for years, and remain ignorant of the mainspring of their actions, unknown, as it often is, even to themselves. Besides, Julia adored her husband, and therefore her imagination endowed him with every perfection both of mind and disposition.

Soon the birth of a lovely child gave the only additional joy of which their lot was capable ; nothing now seemed wanting to make their happiness complete. They had a fine old place in —shire, and it was there I first became acquainted with them. I was at once attracted by

the fascinating and beautiful Julia, and interested at seeing the shade of melancholy which at times clouded her speaking countenance. This was seldom visible when her husband was present ; and at first I imagined that her grief must be caused by some anxiety about him, or some doubt of his affection ; but I soon saw this was not, could not be the case, for he was entirely devoted to her.

During one summer I passed much of my time at their place, and our most delightful hours were spent in Julia's little boudoir. A luxuriant jasmine almost covered the old low wing of the house in which that room was situated, and its fresh green leaves and star-like blossoms surrounded the latticed windows. I never smell the delicate perfume of this flower without seeing the lovely countenance of Julia bending over her beautiful child with a look of care and anxiety which I shall never forget. Splendour and joy surrounded her, the child gave promise of inheriting the good qualities as well as the beauty of both parents, yet often did I see a tear start in her eye as she gazed on it.

One evening, as we stood near the jasmine-curtained window looking at a beautiful sunset, Julia said to me, in a low tone of deep melancholy, "Oh! that I could feel assured that there is a world beyond; oh, that I could know that we might all meet again!"

I started, for Julia's religious opinions had never occurred to me; I knew she attended church regularly, and though in our conversations religion had not been mentioned, yet I concluded she felt like others on the subject; but now, I saw how different was the sad reality! The mystery was solved, and the reason of that anxious brow, those suppressed tears, at once explained.

But I said nothing, for I was quite satisfied that if her powerful mind and sensitive nature had failed to be convinced and touched by the truth of our religion, no arguments of mine could avail. I raised my eyes to heaven in prayer, and there was a long silence.

At last Julia said, "I know you believe; I know you enjoy the inexpressible happiness of thinking that valued friends are to meet again—that we

are not to die eternally ; for I saw that even soon after the death of one you loved so deeply, you enjoyed a peace of mind which indeed to me ‘ passeth all understanding.’ Oh ! what would I not give to experience that peace. The meanest beggar, the most stupid person, is the object of my envy ; for of what avail are riches or even affection, friends, happiness, if we feel that at any moment we may lose all, and descend into the cold, cold grave?”

Julia shuddered ; and a look of horror and dread passed over her countenance. She continued, “ Yes, the grave ! to rot there for ages, and be forgotten ! That dear child will perhaps live to grow up, and make another happy, even as I have contributed to the happiness of my dearest husband ; and she may live to shudder, like me, at the thought of a future.”

“ But surely,” said I, “ you will instil into her mind the principles of belief ?—you will not suffer her to want that consolation in the possession of which you envy the poor outcast who seeks for charity at your door.”

Julia saw the force of my observation, and

promised to do this to the utmost of her power, and I could not help indulging a hope that, in the delightful employment, her own mind would be touched, and become convinced of the truth of the doctrine she enforced.

But my hopes were not destined to be fulfilled in the manner I expected: a few days after our conversation at the jasmine window, Julia's adored child was taken ill, and in one short hour, which seemed a whole life of suffering to the agonized parents, their darling was no more.

The father was almost frantic, but Julia's suffering frightened me more; it was dull, gloomy despair. "She did not move or speak, not a tear moistened her burning eyes, not a groan came from her breast; all was still and cold, as if mental life had ceased within her.

Long did she remain in this dreadful state; and at last, Sir Charles, whose every feeling seemed to have been buried in the grave of his precious child, began to tremble, lest the reason of his wife was gone for ever. For the first time in his life he began seriously to reflect. During the hour when the fate of his child was sus-

pended between life and death, he had prayed. He afterwards felt that the prayer he then so fervently offered up, was the first which ever came really from his heart. He began to discover that he had hitherto lived almost in darkness, that his heart had given but slight credit to a religion which, as far as he had thought of it, seemed true. He now believed, because, when once he began seriously to consider the faith which he professed, everything in nature, every impression of his own mind, bore testimony to its truth.

This feeling once awakened, he soon enjoyed the delightful conviction that his child was gone to an abode of eternal bliss. But he felt also how completely he had neglected God, how little he had thought of his Creator during the time of prosperity, when he was receiving such constant and daily proofs of his mercy and goodness; and he suspected that such was the case with Julia also. He talked to her of the world to come, he tried to awaken in her mind some interest about their future fate, and he dwelt on the delightful thought and expectation of

meeting their dear child in heaven. But Julia listened with cold apathy, and only shuddered whenever he spoke of death.

I left that part of the country soon after the melancholy occurrence above described, and I did not meet Julia for some years. When I saw her again, she was so much altered that I could scarcely recognize her. It was in Paris, and she was travelling for her health. Her cheeks were hollow, though lighted up with consumption's deceptive colouring. She was evidently dying; and I looked with the utmost anxiety into her dark eyes, now shining with peculiar lustre, to see if I could discover what her feelings were upon the all-important subject, whether her mind was in a happy state, whether hope had now opened to her any satisfactory views of the place to which she was hastening. One glance satisfied me—she was happy. Yes, her dying eyes beamed with an expression of greater contentment than I had ever read in them, when health, youth, a dear child, and every earthly bliss were hers.

I found that her husband's persevering en-

deavours had gradually succeeded to embue her with a conviction of the truth of religion. To enable him to do so, he had read and thought deeply; above all, he had prayed fervently, and the God who can alone open the stubborn heart, and make proud reason bow down to the mysteries of christianity, had touched her.

I have often observed that nothing so improves and expands the mind, as a strong sense of religion. It is, in fact, the only thing which can produce such an alteration of character, that the person who before had been common-place, or full of narrow prejudices, becomes able and high-minded. From a gay, thoughtless being, Sir Charles became a thinking man. Julia first wondered, but could not help admiring the change; and at last she began, with deep humility, to read the scriptures. Together they attentively studied the sacred volume; together they derived from it that peace and comfort which its divine truths can alone bestow.

The following winter they passed in Italy. Julia's health did not improve, but her faith, her cheerful hope in the goodness of God, seemed

to strengthen as her body became weaker ; and full of joy and confidence, on a beautiful evening in early spring, she died. From all I heard, I am convinced that she found in death that happiness which the greatest worldly prosperity had failed to produce, owing to an education in which "the one thing needful" had been neglected.

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